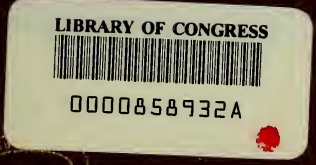
DD 39
.H63
Copy 1



TRAVELS

IN

GERMANY, PRUSSIA AND SWITZERLAND.

BY REV. HENRY HIESTAND.

INCLUDING SOME ACCOUNT OF

HIS EARLY LIFE,

CONVERSION, AND MINISTERIAL LABOURS

IN THE UNITED STATES.

EDITED BY A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL IN NEW-YORK.

NEW-YORK.

JOHN S. TAYLOR, BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,

OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL.

1837.

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1837, by JOHN S. TAYLOR, in the Clerk's Office, in the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

DD 39
H 63

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Early Religious Impressions—Conviction of Sin and Conversion to God - - - - - 13

CHAPTER II.

Entrance into the Ministry—First Official Appointment—Travels and Labours in the United States - - - - - - - - - - - - - 29

CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Germany—Arrival at Hamburg and Reception there - - - - - - - - - - - 42

CHAPTER IV.

Became acquainted with several Clergymen—Interesting visits to a pious Family—An Invitation to go to the Theatre—Bachelor's Club—Visit to the Mayor of Hamburgh—Preparation to visit Berlin - - - - - - - - - - - 54

CHAPTER V.

Funeral of the Emperor of Austria—Ceremony of Confirmation — Sacrament Preparation—Sacred Concert—Country Excursion—Young Ministers—Cure for Dropsy—Ride to Berlin 73

CHAPTER VI.

Reception at Berlin—Novel Sight—Professor Neander—Baron Gottvitz—Count Van Graben—Singular request by a Boy—Social Visits— Spandau Penitentiary—Sabbath School Anniversary—Visit to the Prince. - - - - 55

CHAPTER VII.

The Grave-yard—Church Government—Leaves Berlin—The Farmers of Wiettbrizen—King's Garden, Museum and Palace—Theological Meeting—Return to Berlin a few Days—Departure thence to Konigsburg - - - - - 102

CHAPTER VIII.

Letter from Home—A little Controversy—Visit to Stuttgard—Bishop Otto, and the ancient Baptismal Font — Inconsistent Consistory—Malicious Letter from Berlin—Its Recantation —Detained at Hoff—Interview with a Shepherd—Professor Greene and Lady Danville of Kentucky—Pass on to Nuernberg—Churches

and Burying Grounds—Female Labour in the Markets—Ignorance of our Country—Note respecting Luther - - - - - - - - - - 113

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Stuttgard—Difficulty of preaching there —Switzerland—The River Rhine—The Alps —Beautiful Scenery—Schaffhausen—Guerck —Found a Namesake—Lavater—Basle Cathedral—Erasmus—Mouse Tower—Revisited Hamburg from Bremen—Return thither—Preparations for sailing to the United States—Passage across the Atlantic—Arrival at New-Orleans - - - - - - - - - - - - - 135

Conclusion - - - - - - - - - - - - - 162

PREFACE.

THE following pages are submitted to the public with great diffidence. They originated in the earnest request of many personal friends of Mr. Hiestand, that he would give some account of his visit to Europe in 1835. But the number of works that have been issued from the press, relative to the European character, customs, and other matters, rendered it difficult to suppose that there could be any room for another. Continued solicitations, however, induced the author to collate and transcribe some notes and memoranda which were taken while in Europe. These were submitted to a few friends, who gave it as their opinion that the work

would be acceptable and useful, especially to such as felt interested in the cause of religion, or were anxious to know the state of Christianity in those parts of Europe where Mr. Hiestand traveled. The incidents given in the following pages are not numerous, and care has been taken to avoid tedious detail.

Many who have made the tour of Europe, or who have visited a particular part thereof, when giving their account of matters and things, neglect to mention the state of true religion, as it is inculcated and practised by ministers and people. Perhaps they have said all they knew; nevertheless Christians at home wish to know something about Christianity abroad; and hence this work supplies a deficiency which exists in many books of travels. Herein will be found the opinion of an humble Christian, in respect to the

moral and spiritual condition of the inhabitants in some parts of Germany, Prussia, Switzerland, and elsewhere, and it is to be feared that there is more formality and ceremony than genuine piety both among the clergy and laity. May the Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings.

It is to be hoped that the sketch of Mr. Hiestand's early life and conversion to God will be of use to young people, especially those who have pious parents, and this is certainly a sufficient reason for its insertion, introductory to other matter. "It is good for a man to bear the yoke of his youth." Let this be borne in mind by the youthful readers of these pages.

The editor has taken upon himself the responsibility of adding a few reflections, and other remarks, at the end of some of the chapters, and he must also state that

he must take the praise or blame of all matter written in the third person, as Mr. Hiestand was absent from New-York when the book was revised and put to press. This is also the case as it regards the Discourse, which forms the appendix; and it is added in the belief that it will be useful to the church and the world. That this may be the case, in reference to the whole, is the sincere prayer of

THE EDITOR.

CHAPTER I.

Birth--Early Religious Impressions—Conviction of Sin and Conversion to God.

Those incidents which occur in the life of man, during the period of infancy, are so similar in their character, and so uninteresting to all but the parties concerned, that it would be more than folly for me to describe those which happened to me at that time. I shall only state that which is necessary to be known.

I was born in Shenandoah County, Virginia, on the 19th October, 1788. My father's name was Abraham Hiestand. He was, before my remembrance, a preacher of the gospel, and from the advice and admonition which I received from him, I was in early life taught the difference between right and wrong—good and evil. By him I was instructed in the first principles of christianity, and my mind was therefore often exercised in thoughts of eternity, and all its awful and sublime realities.

Another consequence of my religious training was, that the commission of any sin, in word or deed, or disobedience to parents, was always followed by remorse of conscience, and from a conviction that these things were displeasing to God, I, after reflecting on the actions of the day, frequently promised, that, if the Lord would spare me through the night, I would for the future do better. But alas! such was the volatility of my youthful mind, I forgot my vows, and went on carelessly till I was eleven years of age. About this time I attended a funeral, and while looking upon the lifeless body in the coffin, I was suddenly arrested with the thoughts of death and the necessity of conversion. I knew if I died in the state I was at that time, I should be turned into hell, with all the people that forget God. When at the place of burial, I trembled exceedingly, my "heart was moved as the trees of the wood are moved with the wind," and on leaving the grave I formed a resolution, from that day, to devote myself to the service of God. My serious impressions continued to follow me, but still I was unable to conquer the evils of my heart, and my vows being made in my own strength, the Lord had to say of me, as of Ephraim and Ju-

dah, " your goodness is as a morning cloud, and as the early dew it goeth away." After a few months I gave way to my former evil practices, and sin by degrees gained the ascendency. But the arrow of conviction, which God had lodged in my heart, retained its place, and in the midst of my dissipation stung me keenly. Sin had no pleasures for me. I vowed to amend, and as frequently broke my vows. I felt the hardness of my heart, but could not repent. And yet my heart was susceptible of impression, for every powerful sermon affected me, a description of the Saviour's sufferings always pierced my heart, and sometimes it seemed as though Jesus looked upon me and charged *me* with his sufferings and death; then would my heart be filled with grief and fear, but when these impressions were gone, I returned to my sins. Thus I continued as a " troubled sea" until my twentieth year, and it is only through " the Lord's mercies that I am not consumed, because his compassions fail not."

In the autumn of 1804 my father removed to Fairfield County, in the State of Ohio. About four years after this, in the spring of 1808, my father and another preacher engaged

to attend a sacramental meeting, near twelve miles distance from our place of abode. They went on the day appointed, and I resolved to follow them. In the afternoon I saddled a horse for that purpose, in the sincere hope that I should return in a better state of mind than I went. However Satan endeavoured to divert my mind by insinuating I was too young —there was time enough yet—or if I became religious, I should have no more pleasure. Nevertheless I went.

The meeting on the Sabbath was held out of doors, in consequence of the smallness of the house, but I paid little attention to the sermons that were delivered; my heart was filled with pride and vanity. After preaching, the table of the Lord was set, and when the people approached to partake of the symbols of the Saviour's dying love, I pressed forward to witness the ceremony, which was after the manner observed by the German Reformed Church. While thus looking I began to feel solemn. Some mere professors, with whom I was personally acquainted, came near, and the words of the apostle, on eating and drinking unworthily, came to my mind. I wept for them, and while musing on *their* condition I began to re-

flect on my *own*. I felt as a sinner before God, and was convinced that the body of Christ was broken, and his blood shed for me—that *his sufferings* were for *my sins*. These reflections made me weep bitterly, but when I left the meeting I assumed my former light air.

I remained during the night with a family whose daughter had recently been converted to God. This young lady had noticed me weeping, and inquired the cause. I frankly told her, which led to a free conversation on religion. I unbosomed my thoughts and feelings in regard to it, after which she related the account of her conversion to God. Her statement went as a dagger to my heart, and though I had often felt deeply, yet I never before was so much affected as now. A sense of my sinful condition made me burst into tears, and the recollection of the Saviour's agony and death almost broke my heart. During the night my couch was watered with tears, and sleep forsook my eyes. In the morning I returned home, weeping most of the way. I was as one who had suddenly awoke out of a deep sleep, and found himself surrounded by dangers, of which he had never before thought. My sins appeared mountainous and innumerable, I felt

under the condemnation of the law, "without hope and without God in the world." Those who have been taught in the school of experience alone understand my feelings. When I reached home, my friends discerned a difference, but did not ask the cause, and I kept out of their way as much as possible. My sorrow and wretchedness increased so much that I did not wish to see any body. Every day made my burden heavier, for I had clearer views of my extreme sinfulness. If my sins had been printed in a book, they could not have been presented more distinctly. The goodness of God—the drawings of his spirit—the mercies he had offered—and the opportunities I had despised and neglected—all rushed upon my recollection, and added to my misery. I began to despair. Satan suggested that it was too late—the favours I had slighted would not be re-offered—my sins were too great—I might just as well drive away these gloomy thoughts, for there was no hope for me. But then floods of anguish would overwhelm me, for I had ruined myself by abusing divine mercies. The thought of being banished from God was not near so painful to me, as the idea of having trampled upon his goodness and grieved his spirit.

Such was my distress at this time, that I could neither labour, eat, nor sleep. I would sometimes retire into the woods or fields, and, throwing myself on the ground, implore the forgiveness of an offended God. When at church, the sermon afforded no consolation, and when I read the Scriptures, condemnation seemed written on every page. Though I could see a sufficiency in the atonement of Christ for a world of transgressors, yet I thought myself excluded from its benefits, and was tempted to terminate my earthly career. In this deplorable state of mind I would often gaze upon the birds of the air or beasts of the field—yea, even the meanest reptile that crawls upon the earth, and envy each the happiness they enjoyed. Oh! how I should have rejoiced to hear that there was even a possibility for so great a sinner to be saved. I would gladly have gone to the uttermost parts of the earth to obtain an assurance that I could yet find pardon. I was at the same time filled with awful fears, and when in the fields, at prayer, I often became agitated, suddenly rose from my knees, and went home. The appearance of the smallest animal would terrify me, though I never attributed the approach

of one to any supernatural cause. It only showed my weak state of body, produced by extreme distress of mind.

When about two months had thus passed away, I one day went through a beautiful field of wheat corn, which had just begun to turn yellow. Standing on an eminence where I could overlook the whole, I said to myself, "God knows if each grain of wheat in this field was a globe of gold as large as the earth, and in my possession, I would cheerfully give all to know whether I could find mercy in the sight of God. Yea, if every grain of sand on earth were a globe of gold as large as the sun, I would freely give them, if mine, to be delivered from this load of sin, ay, and ten thousand times more." The reader may rest assured I am not painting my situation in colours too dark, for my pen can never describe the agony and distress of a sinner labouring under a sense of the wrath of God. I have many a time wished to fall back into nothing, or to have my name and memory obliterated for ever. But I knew I was destined for immortality, and felt that for my sins I should be banished from God and from angels—yea from every thing that was good or desirable. Then

would I exclaim—Wo! wo is me, for I am undone! How can I stand before the face of that Judge, whose dignity I have insulted, whose law I have transgressed, whose mercy I have abused, and whose spirit I have a thousand times grieved? Ye mountains and hills, fall and cover me from his face. But ah! how fruitless the wish, these cannot cover me from the face of him that filleth immensity. I continued to feel that I had sinned away my day of grace. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even to the head, there is no soundness in it; but wounds and bruises and putrefying sores." This was the language I adopted, and there seemed to be no remedy. I could not believe that I was included among the sinners that Christ came to save. Now I resolved to make myself better, knowing, if I remained as I was, God would frown me from his face for ever; then I felt that the description given by the Apostle Paul, of a person struggling for liberty, was exactly suited to my case. "To will is present with me, but how to perform that which is good I find not. For the good that I would, that I do not; but the evil which I would not, that I do." These fears and sor-

rows had now followed me for three months, and now all nature seemed to wear a gloomy aspect—the skies were hung in mourning. When I gazed at the sun, he seemed to weep, and the pale moon shed tears of sorrow. The trees of the forest appeared to be distressed, the corn seemed to droop and the grass to wither at my approach. The flowers of the garden had lost their loveliness, and the notes of the birds had lost their music; nothing on earth was pleasant or agreeable to me. The constant language of my heart was, "O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death." I felt the displeasure of God resting on me, and acknowledged the justice of his severity.

"Guilty I stand before thy face;
On me I feel thy wrath abide;
'Tis just the sentence should take place,
'Tis just;—but, O, thy Son hath died!"

And shall I never see the face of that dear Saviour who shed his blood for me and all mankind? I cannot bear the thought, and shall I bear the reality with all its consequences? But I felt as though I could not live in this state of mind, and if I must perish, I resolved to do so

at the feet of Jesus. I felt encouraged, and seemed as though I could cast myself, without reserve, on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus. I said, O Jesus, if thou wilt thou canst make me clean, though I am the chief of sinners. If thou wilt cast me off thou art just, and I will humbly bow before thee and hear the sentence of condemnation. Nevertheless, if such a sinner as I am can find mercy, let me now find it, and I will praise thy name for ever for my deliverance. "Thy will be done."

Thank God! the dark side of my narrative is ended, while I thus pleaded with God, and renounced all for him, he graciously "revealed his Son in my heart." A scene entirely new presented itself to my mind, it seemed as if a dark cloud had suddenly been removed, and the sun made to shine in all its fulness; for the inexpressible sorrow of my heart was turned to "joy unspeakable and full of glory." I waited patiently for the Lord; and he inclined unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up also out of a horrible pit, and out of the miry clay, and set my feet upon a rock, and established my goings. And he hath put a new song in my mouth, even praise unto our God: many shall see it, and fear, and trust in

the LORD." Praises to God spontaneously and irresistibly flowed from my heart—my newborn soul was filled with hallelujahs to God and the Lamb. This ecstatic joy lasted for about an hour, when a doubt arose in my mind whether God could pardon such a sinner as I had been. I prayed earnestly that God would condescend, in mercy, to give me a clear evidence of my acceptance, that should remove all doubts and fears from my mind. This inestimable favour was granted me in the following manner:—While musing on my strange feelings, suddenly there appeared before my mind a person, as plain as though I had seen with my natural eyes. He was clothed with a cloud as white as snow. His face appeared more glorious than the radiant beams of the sun. On his countenance was a smile that would make all nature rejoice. From wounds in his hands, and feet, and side, flowed streams of blood. This was a contrast so beautiful and lovely, that angels could admire and gaze astonished. He appeared standing erect, with his hands outstretched, as when a parent invites his child to come to him. His whole aspect was ineffably glorious, and left an impression on my mind that eternity can never

efface, though the vision remained but a short time. This took place on the eighth day of July, one thousand eight hundred and eight, about four o'clock in the afternoon, then it was that my doubts were dispelled, my burden was removed, and the "love of God shed abroad in my heart by the Holy Ghost given unto me." At this moment the last words of Christ to his disciples were forcibly applied to my mind—"Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

All this occurred within an hour from the time I first cast myself upon the Saviour, and I continued to feel happy in God, full of gratitude and praise. The world around seemed new—all nature smiled, and the glory of God shone forth from every object. I was in a field when God thus blessed me, and when I returned home I found my father, to whom I communicated the joyful news by repeating the following lines:—

"Should storms of seven-fold thunder roll,
And shake the globe from pole to pole;
No thunder-bolt shall daunt my face,
For Jesus is my hiding place."

My heart was filled with heavenly peace, and I spent the evening in walking the yard and

fields, praising the Lord for his goodness. I slept none during the night, but it soon passed away, and the most glorious morning appeared that I ever beheld. While the natural sun arose and gladdened the earth, the sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings, upon my soul. All nature praised the Lord—the birds, with their sweet warbling notes, were as so many angels sent with their instruments of music to congratulate me on my admission into the family of God. The whole expanse of heaven seemed as the dome of the great temple of the great Jehovah, whom I now knew to be my father and friend.

Reflections.—There are many young people who, like the subject of the foregoing narrative, have been favoured with a pious father. His instructions and advices have been affectionately given, and they have been listened to with tearful eye. God, in his mercy, has applied the truth spoken to the enlightening and conviction of the heart; and those thus affected have, in early life, seen the beauty of religion, and promised to embrace the gospel in all its richness and efficiency. But alas! how many have been deprived of these blessings by procrastination, Satan has thus gained

advantage over them, and many young men have spent years in sin, without enjoying any of its pleasures, such as they are. And why? Because God would not allow them to forget the admonitions and prayers of a pious parent; and in the midst of gay companions and sinful dissipation, the remembrance of these prove an arrow in the heart. To such one word of advice may here be properly given. Bear in mind that you are not only causing yourself misery, but it is more than probable that the heart of your affectionate father or mother is almost broken on account of your profligacy and violation of their precepts. If you have any love for them, or regard for your own welfare, now—this day—"consecrate yourselves to the service of God."

> "Be wise to day; 'tis madness to defer:
> Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
> Thus on till wisdom is push'd out of life.
> Procrastination is the thief of time;
> Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
> And to the mercies of a moment leaves
> The vast concerns of an eternal scene."

"It is good for a man to bear the yoke in his youth." In after-life the benefit will be felt.—Yea, through eternity it will be the cause of joy.

Pious parents may also take encouragement. We have before us an instance of the advantages of religious instruction. Our children may seem to forget what we have said, but if we have spoken in the fear of the Lord, watering the seed of the word with our tears and prayers, we shall see the fruit after many days. Religious impressions made in early life are seldom, if ever obliterated, and we ought to take courage, attending to the advice of Solomon—"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand; for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

CHAPTER II.

Entrance into the Ministry—First Official Appointment—Travels and Labours in the United States.

It would have been gratifying to the author if, at this period of his life, he could have referred to his youthful days, as a time when his mind had been stored with useful knowledge, which, as the sequel will show, might have been of essential service to him and benefit to the world. It is true God can, and often does, make use of the weakest instruments to effect great objects, nevertheless, learning, literary acquirements are by no means to be deprecated; and it is very probable that though an illiterate person may be made useful in bringing sinners to God, yet if the same individual had possessed knowledge commensurate with his zeal, and both these employed under the influence of christian humility, he would have been much more useful. How-

ever, the subject of this narrative never had any educational privileges—he was not even favoured with a common school training. That part of the country where he was born, at that time, afforded few opportunities of educating poor children. Nine months schooling, at four separate intervals, was all he ever received, and that was divided between the German and English languages. While many of his brethren were studying the languages and their grammars, with other branches of science and polite literature, he was employed in the field, steadying the plough or using the axe. It is therefore with considerable diffidence that he lays before them and the public a brief account of his ministerial labours and travels in this country and elsewhere.

No sooner was I converted, and felt the love of God in my heart, than I desired that others should enjoy the blessings of salvation. On the fourth day after I was delivered from my distress, I attended a meeting at a neighbour's house. There were many of my young companions in the congregation. I felt so much interested for them, that, after the sermon was ended, I voluntarily arose and told them what God had done for me, at the same time ex-

horting them to "seek the Lord," and flee "from the wrath to come." This coming from one who had for several years joined them in sin and folly, made a deep impression on many of their hearts. About two weeks after this I met a company of young people, who had agreed to assemble together for amusement and pastime, by singing hymns. None of them being serious, I thought this a favourable opportunity to recommend them to embrace religion. I went forward—took a hymnbook—gave out a hymn, and after it was sung, I began to exhort them, saying—"Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." After relating my experience—telling them what God had done for me, the spirit of the Lord moved upon their hearts, and many of them began to weep—yea, before I had done speaking, some cried aloud for mercy. I concluded by prayer, and made an appointment to meet them again. On this day the Lord began a glorious work among the young people of that place, it was the commencement of a wonderful revival, which, by the grace of God, brought hundreds, both young and old, into the church of God. At a meeting held about two weeks after this, we had another gracious manifestation of the goodness and

power of God. The work spread rapidly—far and wide—so that in about six months from its commencement I had to attend a meeting nearly every evening in the week. The Lord soon raised up helps, and the work having spread into other counties, much of my time was occupied in travelling from place to place, to invite sinners to Jesus, and direct the penitent to "the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world." This work began in Fairfield County, Ohio, in the year 1808—and of those who were then brought to God—some few have returned to the beggarly elements of the world—many have fallen asleep in Jesus and are praising God in glory—some are engaged in the work of the ministry, and others are pressing "toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." "And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him."

In June 1809, the conference of "the United Brethren in Christ" was held in Ross County, Ohio; from that body I received my first licence to preach. The following autumn, having some business to transact in the State of

Virginia, I went thither and remained nearly three months. During my stay in this state I preached every Sabbath, and the Lord blessed my feeble labours. Through the goodness of God I was, at this time, made instrumental in the conversion of an uncle, who, some years since, died in the State of Indiana. He was a minister of the gospel, and departed this life happy in the enjoyment of that religion he had recommended to others. From Virginia I returned to Ohio, where I remained eighteen months, endeavouring all the time to make myself useful; and I had here again the gratification of seeing the work of God spread and revive. In May 1811, bidding farewell to my family, consisting of my father, stepmother, and two brothers, younger than myself, I set out for Carlisle, in Pennsylvania. Near this place the conference of the united brethren in Christ was in session, and from them I received an appointment to travel on a circuit. Its extent was nearly eight hundred miles in circumference. I travelled round this circuit, once in every eight weeks, preaching twice every six days out of seven, and on the Sabbath generally preached an additional sermon. We had gracious visitations from Hea-

ven, all round the circuit. In Sharpsburgh, Maryland, especially, the spirit of God was wonderfully poured out, and many were converted. In almost every place on the circuit, I had the gratification to see fruit from the seed of the word which had been sown. I continued my labours here for nine months, and the following three months were spent in the state of Virginia, where also I saw many blessed manifestations of the saving power of the gospel of Christ. This year (1812) I entered into the marriage state, and in 1813 returned to the state of Ohio, with my wife and one child. Here I travelled most of the time till 1815, during which time the Lord was graciously present with me, and a goodly number were converted from the error of their ways.

This part of my narrative will not be found as interesting as I could wish, owing to the destruction of my manuscripts during my absence and the sickness of my wife, by a woman who knew not what she was doing, being unable to read. I have therefore to depend upon my memory for the general incidents and facts. By the above accident I have lost many particulars and interesting facts which would have been gratifying to the reader. To keep the

thread of my narrative I may as well just state, that in the summer of 1815 I went as missionary to the state of Indiana, which, at that time was, for the most part, a new and uncultivated settlement; uncultivated both in respect to its lands and people. After spending some time here, I returned to Ohio, for my little family, consisting of my wife and one child, the Lord having called one to himself previous to our removal. We resided in the state of Indiana from 1815 to 1829; during the first year I travelled a circuit of several hundred miles, and saw some good done. After this I did not confine myself to any particular circuit, but travelled extensively in the states of Ohio, Maryland, Pennsylvania, Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, and North Carolina. Some of these journeys I undertook on foot, and, when my strength would allow, I preached in the neighbourhoods and villages as I passed along. During all this time I received no regular salary, and was sometimes without a single dollar, not knowing from whence one would come, not even a morsel of bread, and this too several hundred miles from home and friends. But God was my friend, and to this date, Sep. 21, 1836, I have never suffered for want of food or

raiment. In Indiana, however, I had many crosses, hardships, and persecutions, so that I was necessitated, for various and conscientious reasons, to leave the church and conference of which I had been a member for twelve years. Many of the brethren of that denomination were dear to me, but peace of mind was dearer still, and to secure this I was constrained to separate from them.

I continued to travel and preach for several years after this without a recognized connection with any religious denomination. To me this course was unsatisfactory, and moreover I considered it contrary to the dispensation of the gospel, inasmuch as my labours might be more efficient, if wisely directed by matured counsels. The German Reformed Church was that of my choice, and I communicated my determination to join that body, to Rev. T. W. a a member of the German Reformed Synod of Ohio. He, by letter, kindly invited me to attend the next session of the synod, which I did, and my application being brought before the session, received the approbation of the same, and I was admitted into that body. This was in 1827, and in the same year I obtained candidate's licence. In the spring of 1828 I re-

ceived a call to become pastor of a German church in New-Orleans. I received ordination for that purpose, in Canton, Stark County, Ohio; but previous to my departure for New-Orleans, I fulfilled an engagement to go on a mission for two months to the states of Indiana, Illinois, and Missouri. After the time was expired, I proceeded from New-Madrid to New-Orleans, to make the necessary arrangements for the settlement and comfort of my family. This being done, they arrived safe in March 1829, and we remained in New-Orleans and its vicinity for six years. The first two years of this time was devoted to preaching the gospel in the German language; but it was not possible to remain there, without being reduced, next to absolute starvation. I therefore left, and went to the Balize, at the mouth of the Mississippi; where I preached to the pilots and taught a school. In this situation I remained one year, but innumerable difficulties compassed me about, these citizens were too hard for me, and I was forced to leave them. In order to procure a living for my family, I was, from sheer necessity, compelled to seek a situation under government. I succeeded, and was appointed to take charge of

the light-house on South Point, at the mouth of the south pass of the Mississippi. This situation yielded me an income, every thing considered, of about twelve hundred dollars a year. It was all sufficient to maintain my family comfortably, but it could not procure me peace of mind. I was harassed with the conviction that I was not in my proper place, nor doing the work God had assigned me. He had given me grace and some degree of talent, and wherefore? Not to bury them in a sand-bar, or under a light-house, but to use to his glory, and the good of others. So powerfully did I feel this applied to my mind, that I was assured if I remained in this situation, I should suffer the doom of the unprofitable servant mentioned in the gospel—be taken, bound hand and foot, and cast into outer darkness. Under these impressions, and from a conviction of duty, I resigned my situation under government, and removed my family to the city of New-Orleans in November 1834. This was done in the fear of the Lord, with a full resolution to attend to the commission which, I believe, the Lord gave me, when he delivered me from my sins, and "shed his love abroad in my heart, by the Holy Ghost given unto me."

Reflections.—It is truly pleasing to mark the various ways and means Almighty God adopts to carry on his own work. Some of these are beyond the comprehension of short-sighted man, and some of them are contrary to that philosophy which, in its operation, requires precision, accuracy, premeditation, and all the et ceteras of refined education. Not that these are objectionable—they are unquestionably necessary for the most part; but that there can be no unbending standard, no unalterable principles for the divine government, in respect to his choice of agents, for the world's conversion, is a position supported by scriptural testimony, and universal experience. "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the wise; and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty;" while for the same great object he has miraculously secured the talents and profound learning of a Paul, who was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel. The great requisite for a preacher of the gospel is "simplicity and godly sincerity." With these, a plain and earnest statement of experimental religion,—the doctrines, duties, and benefits of christianity, will produce wonderful effects. By this means

many may be aroused to a sense of their danger by reason of sin, who would remain careless and indifferent under the deliverance of a profound argument or erudite exposition of truth. This position is illustrated by the history of the man out of whom our Lord had cast a legion of devils. "The whole multitude of the country of the Gadarenes round about besought Jesus to depart from them." But the poor demoniac, who had received so much good at the hands of Jesus, wished to remain with the Saviour. "But Jesus sent him away, saying, 'Return to thine own house, and show how great things God hath done unto thee.' And he went his way, and published throughout the whole city how great things Jesus had done unto him." This poor man could do little more than relate his experience, and tell of the power and goodness of Jesus, but this he was commanded to do, and that too immediately after the change had been wrought upon him. Of the extent of his usefulness we are unable to judge, but the evangelist says,—"It came to pass, that, when Jesus was returned, the people gladly received him; for they were all waiting for him." So God has performed his own work in his own way, and confounded the "world who by wisdom knew

not God." He is still doing thus, and we have no reason to find fault with his arrangements. "Thus saith the Lord, let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches. But let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving kindness, judgment and righteousness, in the earth: for in these things I delight, saith the Lord."

CHAPTER III.

Voyage to Germany—Arrival at Hamburgh and Reception there.

THERE are many events that occur in the life of man over which he seems to have no control. Every man is destined to occupy some particular sphere of labour, and the arrangements of Providence which lead to that, are frequently mysterious and incomprehensible. Nevertheless, "all things work together for good to them that love God," and he who trusts in the Lord, will be directed safely through the intricate contingencies of life, and in the end be constrained to say, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out! As we journey through life, these things strike our minds with great force, and as we look around us and mark the finger of God, pointing out to us the way

we should take, we are astonished at the goodness of our heavenly Father, and gratefully exclaim with the Psalmist—"My times are in thine hand."

Early in the month of January 1835, I became acquainted with Capt. J. W. Wendt, of the Prussian ship, Princess Louisa, then at New-Orleans, bound for Hamburgh. Germany became the subject of our conversation, for I had often wished to visit that country, in the belief that, by the preaching of the gospel among its inhabitants, much good might be done. I observed to the captain, that I had not been able to accomplish my desires, being a poor man, and having a large family, their constant wants precluded the possibility of affording it. The captain very kindly invited me to sail with him, assuring me of his willingness to make every arrangement for my convenience and accommodation. On the second Sabbath in January I preached a sermon, in the German language, on board the ship Princess Louisa. The heart of the friendly captain was evidently affected by the word spoken, and he again invited me to sail with him, peremptorily offering me a free passage—said he, "I will take you to Hamburgh, and it shall not cost you any

thing." Though I was inclined to accept his offer at once, and go, yet I thought on the distance of six thousand miles, between myself and family, should I go, and the apparent improbability of my obtaining means to return. I thus reasoned with the captain—but, said he, "It shall cost you nothing to Hamburgh, and, if I do not return, I will cause you to be delivered on the American shore again, if that be the will of God." This conversation I related to some of my pious friends,—one, a preacher in the Methodist Church, said, "I believe brother, the providence of God is in it, and you must go." There was now only one objection or hindrance, that was a formidable one to be sure, and I could not conscientiously leave my home unless it were removed. It was this—I had not received the consent of my family, and unless they were willing, I could not go. But I knew the Lord had the hearts of all in his control, and if it were really his will that I should visit Germany, (as the methodist brother suggested) he would influence their hearts accordingly. I made it a subject of especial prayer to Almighty God, that he would guide me aright, believing that, if my family consented freely and unequivocally, it would be

evidence of his will in this affair. After the lapse of a few days the whole of my family, with one consent, said,—"go in the name of the Lord, we will try to do without you till your return." This was on the twentieth day of January, and the ship was appointed to sail on the twenty-fourth. While at the light-house, a few months before, I had caught a large saw fish, the skin of which I had preserved. For this Captain Wendt offered me one hundred dollars, which I accepted. This enabled me to procure what was necessary for the voyage, and on Saturday the 24th January, 1835, I went on board the Princess Louisa, it being understood she would leave the port that evening. The wind, however, was so high, that the captain of the tow-boat would not venture out.

Sunday, 25th. This morning the wind has abated, we lay at the wharf until two o'clock, P. M., when the tow-boat, Postpay, Captain Anable, took us off, and we glided slowly down the Mississippi. At 8 o'clock in the evening, the wind being ahead, and a dense fog having collected, we could not proceed, and were, therefore, obliged to come to anchor. Soon after, a frightful thunder-storm commenced,

which continued for about half an hour—the lightning was awfully terrific, and struck a farm-house that stood near—it took fire—in five minutes was in full blaze, and was, in a very short time, reduced to ashes. The storm abated, but the night continued dark and foggy.

Monday 26th. The fog still continues so thick that we cannot see the shore on either side of the river. At nine o'clock the fog cleared off—the day became pleasant—we weighed anchor, and got under way, having a pleasant view of the sugar-farms on the banks of the noble and beautiful Mississippi. In the evening the fog arose and we were again obliged to come to anchor. On Tuesday 27th, we got to the bar, but could proceed no farther in consequence of the prevalence of the fog, which continued until the 30th. On the Wednesday a violent thunder-storm arose, accompanied with terrific lightning,—a dreadful flash of which ran down our foremast, and seemed to break into particles, and distributed itself thus on the deck. We were thankful the ship sustained no injury. On Thursday, 29th, the fog continuing, the captain, several sailors, and myself, took the jolly-boat and went gunning along shore. We shot several birds, and returned to our vessel.

Friday, 30th. This morning the wind changed, and the fog clearing off, at 9 o'clock we weighed anchor, and at 10 got to sea. The wind blew very fresh, and we steered our course under double-reefed top-sails. The sea rose very high, the waves were as mountains, and broke over each other in terrible majesty. This to me, who had never been to sea before, was a beautiful and interesting sight. I enjoyed it, because I felt no inclination to sea-sickness, and was flattering myself that I should escape that troublesome companion of the ocean. But a few hours after I was convinced of my error, and the rolling and tossing of the vessel, produced the same effects on me, as on most others, who were strangers to the sea.

Nothing of any particular moment occurred during several days of our voyage, and it would be useless and tedious to detail the events of each day, as they cannot differ much from those which occur on every ordinary passage across the Atlantic. We had prayers in the cabin every evening, and preaching on Sabbath when the weather would allow. We had all varieties of weather, sometimes pleasant, at other times rough and uncomfortable. We also, on several occasions, saw the wonders of

God in the deep. On the 3d of February several dolphins were near us, in the Gulf stream, but we could not catch any. On Saturday, 7th, we saw three whales that appeared to be forty or fifty feet in length. It was quite amusing to us to see these monsters of the deep, force or spout the water into the air, a great height. They must have strong lungs. When the weather is rough I endure much sickness, so that a calm day and pleasant weather is quite a treat. Such an one was Tuesday, 10th, for scarcely a ripple disturbed the bosom of the " vasty deep," and our ship lay nearly still, and the men busy arranging matters about the vessel. Nothing particular occurred from this date to the 21st. I was sick, and therefore unable to write.

On Sunday, 22d, a gale of wind arose, and our captain ordered all sail furled except the main-top sail, which remained close reefed, and the fore sail reefed. The see ran high, but the captain ran before the wind as far and as long as he deemed it safe and expedient. On the 26th he hove too, and we remained nearly stationary until next day, when we again made sail and ran our course. The weather gets colder every hour as we approach nearer

the British coast. From this cold I suffered much, as I have been in a warm climate for the last six years, where cold weather is never felt, or only comparatively.

Sunday, March 1st. This morning we made the Lizard light in the English Channel, but did not make much progress either this or the next day, the wind being light, and the tide against us. On the 3d, in consequence of a gale, we layed too, nearly all day, close under Brighton, in England. Toward evening the wind abated,—we made sail, and on the fourth passed through the English Channel and entered the North Sea. Thursday, 5th. This evening we drew near Heligoland, but, in consequence of a gale of wind arising, were obliged to stand off. It became stronger and stronger, until it blew harder than we had experienced it during the whole voyage. The captain, judging from his barometer, believed it would be still worse. However I had confidence in that God who had preserved us thus far, and I could not believe that he had brought me to the North Sea to be drowned. The weather was very severe, notwithstanding, and I had to hold on with both hands, in order to prevent myself from falling out of my berth.

Saturday, 7th. Last night we made the Heligoland light, and this morning early we passed a small island, which is a very high rock rising perpendicularly out of the sea. It has a surface of three miles land, with upwards of three thousand inhabitants, who live by fishing and piloting ships to the mouth of the Elbe. Here we got a pilot, for thirty dollars, who took us as far as the floating light-house, where we got another one. The wind and tide being now against us, we had hard work to gain the harbour. Our pilot got drunk and run us ashore,—we should most certainly have been wrecked, but, providentially for us, it was flood tide, which took us off again in a few hours, and in the evening we safely anchored in Cuxhaven.

Sunday, 8th. This morning an officer came on board, who inquired after many things appertaining to the ship, and crew, &c. About noon we weighed anchor, and having the wind and tide in our favour, we proceeded up the Elbe. Night came on—the tide turned, and we again anchored. Monday, 9th. This morning got under way, and, as we passed up the river, we had a beautiful view of the houses and gardens on the banks, and at eleven, A. M. we cast anchor at Hamburgh, the place of our des-

tination. The captain and I immediately went ashore, and proceeded to the house of his mother-in-law, where the captain resides when in this port. He was received with great cordiality, yea with open arms, by his mother-in-law and the whole family. I was introduced and received with all the friendship a stranger could wish for, in a strange land. Gratitude flowed from my heart to the giver of "every good and perfect gift," that he had brought me safely through the perils of the deep, and placed me in a distant land, where the kindness of new friends, in some measure, made up for the absence of old ones.

In my native land I never was without friends, but now I was thousands of miles from them—the "great and wide sea" between us—no acquaintance with any individual in Hamburgh except the kind captain with whom I came, and very little with which to procure the necessaries of life. Captain Wendt procured me a comfortable lodging next door to his own house. Some of the family, with whom I resided, were religiously inclined, though, I fear, they had not experienced that change of heart, without which no man or woman can be a Christian. They were very kind to me, a

more friendly family I have seldom met with. They could not have treated me with more benevolence and respect, had I been their own father.

Reflections.—When men voluntarily forego the pleasures of home, and resign the tender associations of early and matured friendship, they ought to have some definite object in view, and when that is in accordance with the will of God, they may rely upon his guidance and direction. If their purpose be to glorify God, and to endeavour to be instrumental of good to the perishing sons of Adam, he who gave his Son to die for all, will make their way clear. Should such be destined to foreign lands, they will find no lack of friends. God can make the wrath of man to praise him, and even those principles in the nature of man, which are opposed to the gospel of Christ, can be, and often are, softened down, so that the ministers of Christ are treated with affectionate good will. It is then that we are led to admire the wisdom and goodness of God—it is then also that we are able to take a proper estimate of the value of friendship. This can scarcely be done under ordinary circumstances—it is when we need friends, or when they are absent from us,

that we ascertain their worth. It is then that every act of kindness is felt most powerfully, and our gratitude most easily excited. There is nothing, however, which can sustain a man more surely, than the knowledge of friendship existing between himself and his God. It is this which will enable its possessor to triumph over every difficulty of life, in the midst of danger and in the hour of solitude, when no earthly friend is near, he can say—

" Peace, doubting heart, my God's I am ;
Who formed me man forbids my fear ;
The Lord hath call'd me by my name :
The Lord protects for ever near :
His blood for me did once atone,
And still he loves and guards his own."

CHAPTER IV.

Became acquainted with several Clergymen—Interesting visit to a pious Family—An Invitation to go to the Theatre—Bachelor's Club—Visit to the Mayor of Hamburgh—Preparation to visit Berlin.

THE following chapters of this narrative will consist chiefly of extracts from a journal written, for the most part, at the time the incidents and facts related, took place. It will give a better idea of the labours and visits of Rev. H. Hiestand, to different places and churches, if the form of a diary is preserved, and the circumstances and dates chronologically arranged.

Tuesday, March 10, 1835. I felt it to be my duty, as soon as possible, to make myself acquainted with those who feared the Lord, and especially with the ministers of religion. I, therefore, on this day visited some clergymen and others. My first call was made upon

the Rev. Mr. Reader, an English dissenter, who has a church and congregation in this city. He received me with great politeness, and, after some conversation, kindly offered me the use of his pulpit. He had a meeting next evening, at which he invited me to preach. On this day I also visited the Rev. Mr. Oncken, a member of the Baptist Church, and agent of the Edinburgh Bible Society. I believe this gentleman to be pious and devoted to God. The evening of this day was pleasantly and profitably spent with the family of Captain Wendt. His sister-in-law has been for some time under religious exercises of mind, yet does not feel herself reconciled to God. Of late her hope in Christ has become stronger; but, as yet, she does not enjoy so clear an evidence of her acceptance with God as she most ardently wishes for. I endeavoured to encourage her to trust in God, giving her all the instruction I could, relating to the things of God, after which I returned home. This evening, while at family prayer, the Lord abundantly blessed me, and my soul was filled with divine love. I retired to rest, but was so happy as to walk my room till one o'clock, when I lay down. But my soul was so drawn out in prayer and praise

that I did not fall asleep till near day. I awoke soon after, and found the Lord as precious to my soul as before. My heart was full—indeed it seemed like a new conversion, for I possessed the same extatic joy I felt when God changed my heart, bringing me "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." Now also I had a full assurance that it was the will of God I should come to Europe, or why was I so abundantly blessed? "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."

Wednesday, 11th. This morning I rose from my bed praising the Lord. Tears of joy and thankfulness flowed from my eyes, because of the blessings bestowed on me a poor worm of the earth, in a strange land. The loving kindness of God is new every morning and renewed every evening. I now sat down to write a letter to Brother Tally, the Methodist friend, in New-Orleans, who had encouraged me to visit Germany. My soul was exceedingly joyful, and I could say but little more than tell him how happy I was. Just as I had finished my letter, Captain Wendt came in, and told me he had been as happy in his room

as I had been in mine. I had given him the letter to read, and he perused it with tears of joy. The flame of affection already enkindled in each others' heart was now excited by sympathetic joy, and in a moment we embraced each other. Greater happiness could not be enjoyed by any two human beings on this side the grave. David and Jonathan could scarcely love each other more. After we had spent an hour in this happy state, we separated in peace, the captain returning home.

Shortly after this, Mr. P., a candidate for the ministry, called upon me, as I had expected, and before we had exchanged many words, we were in each others' arms. I told him I was happy in the enjoyment of the love of the Lord Jesus Christ, and he seemed to feel; but, from his looks, I judged he had never witnessed such a scene before. The fact is, as I soon learned, the people here are very backward to confess Christ openly, and hence any thing out of the ordinary way surprises them. He left, and in this happy state of mind I went to the Rev. Mr, Reader's, and took tea with his family. According to engagement I preached in the session-room of his church that evening to a small but attentive congregation, who manifested

much good feeling. The power of God's love had been so great all day, that, after service, I returned home almost exhausted.

Thursday, 12th. This morning, about nine, Captain Wendt and myself went to the suburbs of Hamburgh, to hear the Rev. Mr. Raudenberg preach. He gave us a good, gospel sermon, and, as far as I can learn, I believe he is the only German clergyman in this city who is in the spirit of his work, and whose labours are blessed to the conversion of sinners. And he is derided, and cried down by most others, as a fanatic, "Yea, and all that will live godly in Christ Jesus shall suffer persecution." This will remain unchangeably true, so long as Satan and sinners exist.

About candle-light I went to a meeting, which corresponds with our evening lectures in America. It is here called "Bible hour." It is conducted by several candidates for the ministry, who meet every Thursday evening, read a portion of the Scripture, and lecture upon it. I confess, this was to me a dry time, for the lecturer did not seem either to feel or understand what he was talking about. After meeting was concluded I went, with several of these young men, to visit a family of pious

people. I found the man of the house, a good man. Our company consisted of one lady and six gentlemen. The evening was spent in conversing about religion in America, and I had the pleasure of relating to them many blessed circumstances which I had seen. I also gave them some account of my travels and labours as a preacher in America, especially among the inhabitants of the new settlements in the western states. While thus relating the goodness of God to these people, he abundantly refreshed my own soul—my heart was full of joy, and my eyes overflowed with tears of thankfulness to God for all his mercies to me at home and abroad. From the appearance of the company I should think they had not often seen a *man* weep tears of joy. But I perceived they were susceptible of feeling, and not strangers to grace. This meeting was to me a heaven on earth, and we continued together until eleven o'clock. When about to depart, I said, I made it a practice to pray with my friends before I left them. This was strange to them, as social prayer is not customary here. I also said, it was my practice to kneel in prayer when it could be done—to this they all consented and conformed, and we had a most pre-

cious and delightful season—after which we separated.

Friday, 13th. This morning I heard a gentleman preach, who has considerable popularity. He is, what in the backwoods of America is called, " The Big Bell." He certainly is a fine orator; but there was no more religion in his sermon than in the sound of a bell. Scarcely so much, for when we heard the church bell ring, we know the object, and are reminded of the worship due to God ; but when this minister had done, it was impossible to ascertain his object.

At eleven this morning I went to the police office, deposited my passport, and obtained a permit to remain in the city four weeks. In the evening visited a family, from whom I had received an invitation the day previous—spent an agreeable evening—engaged in social prayer, and all of us felt the love of God shed abroad in our hearts. After prayer we embraced each other in tears, and parted.

Saturday, 14th. Called upon the Rev. S. Raudenberg, a man not ashamed of the gospel of Christ.

This day I visited a clergyman in the German Reformed Church, who needs reformation

himself, as many ministers of religion in this city do. To speak thus seems rather hard, but the sequel will prove what I say. This gentleman could not allow me to use his pulpit, but very liberally invited me to go with him to the theatre. I told him I might as well cut my own throat, as go, and report the same in America. At this he was astonished, and asked if clergymen in America did not go to the theatre. I said, "Christians do not go to the theatre in any country." In the evening I attended the Young Men's Union, a meeting held in silence for an hour or two. The members either read or write, as they please. I thought it was a sleepy exercise, or likely to lead to dosing. At nine o'clock, one read a hymn, for they are prohibited from singing, and then prayed—a portion of Scripture was then read, and they requested me to make some remarks upon it; I did so, we had a gracious time, and some were deeply affected.

Sunday, 15th. This morning I went to the Reformed Church and heard a gentleman preach, who, I believe, once enjoyed the love of God in his soul, but alas! for him—poor fellow—he exchanged it for a rich wife and popularity. His sermon appeared like the track

of footsteps in fresh fallen snow, something alive had once been there, but the place had now become hard and frozen. At the close of the service, I took the liberty to introduce myself to him as a stranger from America. He, without any questions, invited me to take a seat with him in his carriage. I consented, and spent a very agreeable afternoon with him at his own house. During this time I had the pleasure of answering for myself, and informed him how I became connected with the ministry. It was to him altogether a new way, for here every preacher must go through a process of their own contrivance, God willing or not.

Monday, 16th. This morning I spent in walking round the city on its walls. After dinner I visited the rev. gentleman who first invited me to the theatre. I say *first*, because another clergyman had manifested the same politeness. He apologized for his inability to remain long with me, as he had an engagement to dine at four with the Apostle Club. This was a new phrase to me, and I very naturally asked an explanation. He gave me to understand that this Apostle Club was composed of twelve rich bachelors of Hamburg, who met to-

gether, to eat, drink, and have music. They were indeed sons of Belial, and yet a professed minister of Jesus Christ could associate and spend his time with them. As I was about to depart he said, " I am sorry I cannot introduce you to my dear wife, she is now dressing to go to a ball this evening, I shall return from the club in time to accompany her." These are sad particulars to lay before my American readers; but such is the state of things in Germany. This evening I visited the Rev. Mr. R. and after some conversation on the religion that saves the soul, he cordially took me by the hand and said, " My dear brother, I would as willingly lead you into my pulpit, as go there myself, but our regulations are such, that, if I did, I might expect to be driven from it. I should be happy to take you as a colleague, for I have more than ten thousand souls under my pastoral charge. It is impossible for me to discharge my duty to them all. But our rules prohibit us from engaging any one who is not brought into the ministry according to our standard." We parted in peace.

Tuesday, 17th. After breakfast walked a mile to see an aged mother in Israel, and her family. I found the former one of the excellent

of the earth. Spent the greater part of the day with this pious family, and, before parting, read a chapter, sung a hymn, and prayed with them. We all felt the presence of the Lord. A young lady, naturally blind, not a member of the family, wept bitterly, and said, "I wish to find the way to heaven, though I am blind." This was a blessed day to me.

Wednesday, 18th. This morning I walked four miles to a village called Hamme, in order to visit a clergyman, who is on the Lord's side. He has in his church some living branches of the true vine. In this village I met with an old maid, who has my mother's maiden name—I doubt not she is a branch of our ancient family, but we could not trace our pedigree, so as to establish any natural relationship. She, however, belongs to the same heavenly family, and waiteth for the redemption of Israel. In a neighbouring village I visited an institution that pleased me much. It was greatly similar to an "House of Refuge and Orphan Asylum" combined. It is established for the bringing up and education of orphans, and also for the confinement and tuition of young criminals, who have been guilty of pilfering. They are taught to read and write, and at a proper age

are instructed in some useful trade. In the evening I returned on foot to Hamburg.

Thursday, 19th. At nine this morning I paid a visit to Mr. Huthwalker, Lord Mayor of Hamburg, who is also one of the senators of the city. He is a pious man, and instrumental in doing much for the kingdom of God. In him I found the christian, statesman, and gentleman. He received me very kindly, and I spent two hours very pleasantly with him and his friendly family. When I left, Mr. H. gave me many thanks for my visit, and hearty invitations to call again.

Friday, 20th. I spent the greater part of this day in private meditation. Was introduced, during the day, by a rev. friend, to the pious family of Mr. Weber, a rich merchant of this city.

Saturday, 21st. Visited some of my friends, and called it the Union Hotel, where the masters of American vessels generally board when in this port. Here I met with Captain Harlow, who had just arrived from New-York. He had been converted while at sea, and related to me the goodness of God to him while on his voyage. His narrative was to my mind a feast of marrow and fat things.

This evening I again visited the Young Men's Union, and after the customary silence of two hours, a hymn was read and prayer made. After which I was called on to read and expound a portion of Scripture. I did so, and spoke fifteen or twenty minutes—the power of God was manifested—many were deeply affected, and one sinner inquired, "what shall I do to be saved."

The Lord has a great work to do in this city, but there is an effort made to counteract its influence. A severe law has been enacted against private conventicles, as they call all religious meetings which are held out of the church. A man is subject to a fine of fifteen dollars, if he sing a hymn in his own house, loud enough to be heard out of doors. This is done to oblige people to go to church, or rather to constrain them to conform to a cold heartless system of religion. The inhabitants may get drunk and sing songs in the streets, without molestation,—this is no private "conventicle,"—by such practices, priestcraft is not endangered.

Sunday, 22d. Attended the Rev. Mr. Reader's church at 10 A. M., and at 3 P. M. He preached two faithful gospel sermons. After which Captain Harlow accompanied me to my room,—we dined at five, the usual time

here, and then went to see my dear Captain Wendt, who was confined by indisposition. I had the pleasure of hearing two sons of Neptune relate their experience and the dealings of God with them at sea. Even there Jehovah rules the hearts of men as well as the winds and tides. When I returned home I found a note from the Mayor, inviting me to dine with himself and friends on Wednesday next at 4 P. M. We are to spend the evening in conversing on the state of religion in Europe and America. At night I called to see a Methodist family from England. They were still pious, and we spent an hour in *singing* and prayer,—the law to the contrary notwithstanding. We must obey God rather than man. I returned to my room full of "joy unspeakable"—so true is it,

"The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets;
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets."

* * * * * * * *

"The men of grace have found,
Glory began below;
Celestial fruit on earthly ground,
From faith and hope may grow."

Tuesday, 24th. At 7 P. M. Captain Wendt and I went to Mr. Weber's, where we spent

some time, pleasantly, in the company of some of the first merchants of this city. Most of them were religiously inclined, and after partaking of a splendid supper, before we arose, the Bible was brought, and I read the 13th chapter of John's gospel. We then all stood up, and I spent eight or ten minutes in prayer. The Lord blessed us with his presence, and we sung a verse of a hymn, I went round while singing, shook them all by the hand, and departed. Such a scene they had never witnessed before.

Wednesday, 25th. At 4 P. M. dined with the Mayor according to invitation. Our company consisted of one clergyman, Rev. Mr. Stranche, and six candidates, who had finished their education, and were waiting for a call. And this, while thousands were perishing around them for lack of knowledge. It is to be feared most of them care nothing about the souls of their fellow-creatures. Since I have been in this city I have heard six discourses in the German language, and scarce a word in any on the necessity of repentance. When will this fearful state of things be altered or removed ?

Friday, 27th. Walked four miles to a village called Altona, and visited the pastor of

the United Brethren or Moravians. I found him a friendly pious man, and had much conversation on the nature of true religion. I called upon the pastor of another church in this village. On my return to Hamburg, I took a view of the botanic garden, where are arranged many beautiful herbs and flowers, many of which I had never seen before. In this garden I saw a stork, of the crane kind, all white except its wings, which are black. I was much pleased with these works of God.

Saturday, 28th. Wrote a letter to my family in New-Orleans, and, in company with Captain Wendt, went to see a ship launched. After this we went on board the brig, Princess Louiza. Before I left, the captain called together the crew, with whom I prayed, and to whom I gave a short exhortation.

Sunday, 29th. At nine this morning, went to the suburbs and heard the Rev. Mr. Raudenberg preach an evangelical sermon. At 7 P. M. attended the Young Men's Union meeting. Before the conclusion I addressed them about fifteen minutes, and left them, accompanied by their good wishes.

Monday, 30th. Called on the Rev. Mr. Reader, who gave me several cards of introduction

to clergymen and merchants residing at Berlin where I intended to start next evening. Called on the American consul, and obtained a general passport to travel in Europe for twelve months. Visited and bade farewell to several of my friends.

Tuesday, 31st. To-day had my passport endorsed by the several officers, which cost me twelve Hamburg shillings, about eighteen cents. This was the first pleasant day we have had this spring. In the evening a number of friends called to bid me farewell, expecting my departure on the morrow. We sang a hymn, prayed, read the Scriptures, and I addressed them on the necessity of being ready for our final departure from this world. We concluded by prayer, and had a very solemn time. The kind friends expressed regret at my leaving them so soon.

Reflections. Many very important considerations arise out of the foregoing chapter—many to excite our pity, many to awaken our gratitude. We cast our eye for one moment over our vast republic, and rejoice that her thousands of churches, with their thousands of ministers, have been instrumental, through the mercy of God. in establishing in our land the

pure principles of gospel morality, as a standard for human action. And none can deviate therefrom, neither in the church nor out, without having the finger of reprobation pointed at them by the community generally. Thus it is that "righteousness exalteth a nation," the gospel preached—its doctrines and duties enforced theoretically and practically—these, thus set forth, necessarily elevate the moral sense of any people. We should not forget, that where this is done, the political and civil institutions of that country, if not already pure and free, are in a fair way for becoming so. We owe our national privileges to the principles of gospel liberty, which were early, faithfully and practically set forth by many of our first settlers and colonists. How is it in many other countries? let facts speak, "The prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means; and, because it for the moment may gratify a perverted judgment and depraved taste, the people love to have it so." The prophet calls this "a wonderful and horrible thing,"—it is so in many respects—for "if the blind lead the blind both shall fall into the ditch,"—neither the one nor the other can be a blessing to mankind. Where the ministers

of religion neglect their duty, and, themselves "follow a multitude to do evil," the people will imitate their example, by which process the moral sense of the community will be vitiated, the principles of justice and truth discarded, in reference to political and civil affairs, and the rights of man partially known or totally neglected. In respect to ecclesiastical priviledges, those who wish to enjoy them, must procure them according to unbending law, or unyielding custom,—to get to heaven, the church must be entered by legalized forms and ceremonies of human invention. How truly pitiable must be the condition of such a people —that there are some who follow the Lord fully, and do their duty, is matter of rejoicing— and we ought earnestly to pray that God would arise and cleanse his own sanctuary in every part of the world. May the shepherds of Christ's fold feed their sheep and lead them into green pastures.

CHAPTER V.

Funeral of the Emperor of Austria—Ceremony of Confirmation—Sacrament preparation—Sacred Concert—Country Excursion—Young Ministers —Cure for Dropsy—Ride to Berlin.

My visit to Berlin, in company with Captain Wendt, was postponed for some time, in consequence of the captain receiving a letter from the owners of his vessel, stating that they should not be ready for him within three weeks. Many friends called upon me, as I was detained, and requested me to write a sketch of the history of my life. I commenced, therefore, about this date, and was many days, at several intervals, engaged in recording the prominent features of my life; but as the sketch was not published in that country, I shall make no more mention of the time occupied in writing it.

Saturday, April 14th, 1835. This morning

at ten oclock I went to the Roman Catholic church, where was to be performed the ceremony of the funeral of the Emperor of Austria, who had died about a month before. The procession was the most splendid I have ever seen. The Hamburg troops were stationed in front of the church, dressed in beautiful uniform. Two lines of soldiers stood in the middle aisle of the church, wearing splendid armour. On and round the altar were burning a vast number of candles, and in the centre of the altar stood the coffin, gorgeously decorated with rich black velvet, so it appeared to me at a distance, and this was tastefully laid out and ornamented with gold. Over the coffin hung an immense piece of drapery of the richest black crape, bespangled with numerous golden stars. In the gallery was placed a band of musicians. The music was opened by sounding a trumpet, in imitation of the day of judgment. A solemn ode was then played by the choir, accompanied by the instruments. After this, mass was read by a priest, the whole forming a scene of magnificence and splendour. Thus great folks are dismissed out of this world, and if their reception in the world of spirits, is attended with corresponding pomp

and grandeur, it may be well for the recipient of such honours. God, however, judges of, and deals with men, according to their moral character, and not according to the station they hold in life. Every man must give an account of himself to God, and just in the state we die, so shall we appear before our judge. "He that is unjust, let him be unjust still: and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still; and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still, and he that is holy let him be holy still." The decisions of our judge will be fixed by this standard, and he adds' "Behold, I come quickly; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be."

So be it! let this system end!
This ruinous earth and skies!
The new Jerusalem descend;
The new creation rise!
Thy power omnipotent assume!
Thy brightest majesty!
And when thou dost in glory come,
My Lord, remember me!

Sunday, 5th. Captain Wendt and I went to Altana, in company with his mother-in-law. We heard the pastor of the church preach a good gospel sermon, and afterwards receive a young man into the church by baptism. After

service we returned to Hamburg—in the evening several friends called upon me. We sang a hymn, read and explained the Scriptures, and concluded with prayer.

Monday, 6th. Spent several hours with some American captains and two German counts, who are plain, unassuming, friendly, and gentlemanly men. This evening walked to Hamme to attend the monthly concert, but it was postponed, and I was disappointed.

Tuesday, 7th. This morning went to see two American captains who were indisposed. In the evening visited, according to invitation, a Miss Heise, daughter of the former burgomaster. I found her a pious lady, who loves to speak of the goodness of God in the redemption of the world by Jesus Christ. I find in this city that the most pious people are of the first rank, and, if it were not for the old system of laws and ceremonies, multitudes would be converted to God. Thousands are content to conform to custom, and these are made a substitute for a change of heart. Many good ministers have their energies cramped, religious liberty is unknown, and, under these circumstances, "the people perish for lack of knowledge."

Wednesday, 8th. I went to the church to

see what is called a confirmation. It is an initiatory rite or ceremony, by which the recipients are made members of the visible church, without any reference to their moral character —a catechetical exercise being all that is required preparatory. It would be well if this sort of thing were not injurious to the young persons who submitted to it, many of them being deceived into the belief that this process fits them for the duties of life and heaven also—forgetting the immutable principle on which depends their salvation. "Ye must be born again." "Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot see the kingdom of God." Oh! that their eyes might be opened! This evening I again walked to Hamme, to attend the monthly concert—delivered an address of about half an hour's length to an attentive congregation, some of whom were much affected.

Thursday, 9th. Attended another of those confirmation ceremonies, and saw twelve or fifteen young people persuaded they were now Christians, and thus, very likely, cheated out of their salvation. Their after-life too frequently proves that their hearts are unchanged. I may as well state here that I highly approve of catechising

children, it is a very useful exercise when attended to in a proper way. Under God it may be made the means of enlightening the mind, fixing therein correct principles, and may lead to sound conversion. But, in the manner which I saw it attended to in Hamburg, I fear it will be the means of deceiving thousands. Who is to answer for their souls in the great day of accounts? O God save the people from delusion.

Friday, 10th. Spent this day in visiting several American masters of vessels, and reading the Scriptures in German, a copy of which my dear Captain Wendt had presented to me, with a pair of silver framed spectacles, and also a full suit of beautiful black clothes. "A friend in need is a friend indeed."

Saturday, 11th. This morning visited Captain Wendt, with whom I had a delightful season of social prayer, preparatory to his going to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's supper. I resolved to accompany him, as in all probability it was the last opportunity we should have of partaking together of the symbols of the Saviour's dying love, at the table of our common Father. For this purpose we went to the pastor, Rev. Mr. John, that we might

undergo the ceremony of preparation, as it is called, by the Lutherans. The pastor made a short prayer, retaining his seat, and, after asking us a few questions, laid his hand upon our heads and pronounced a short benediction. This was all new to me, but it is sometimes necessary to submit to the customs of the country, and we should not object if it can be done without any violation of principle.

Sunday, 12th. Went to church and heard the Rev. Mr. John preach what, in America, we should call a common sermon. This minister is considered one of the greatest men in Hamburg. After sermon took sacrament after the manner of the Lutherans, and in the evening rode about five miles to a village called Horne, where I preached to about one hundred people, who were very attentive, and some much affected. Having company, we went on foot to the city, where we arrived about midnight.

Monday, 13th. In the evening attended church, by special invitation, to hear a concert of music. It was a sacred ode composed from the Revelations. The vocal and instrumental music was admirably performed. The pro-

ceeds of this concert were applied to the support of the school for the poor. The amount collected was nearly two thousand dollars.

Tuesday, 14th. In the fore part of this day Captain Wendt and I visited the hospital, a very extensive building, containing, at this time, about one thousand five hundred persons, one of whom, a female, is now one hundred and two years old. Leaving the hospital we crossed the Elster, and took a walk above the city to view the beautiful houses and country seats which are there situated. The grandeur of the scenery is beyond description—it is an earthly paradise—here the nobility and gentry of Hamburg reside during the summer months. Finding a hack unemployed, we engaged it, and continued our excursion several miles further, through a very beautiful landscape, interspersed with farms and gardens tastefully laid out. We returned to the city by way of Altona; and, to add to the interest of the jaunt, we visited the large collection of wild beasts, birds, and serpents, which are located between Altona and Hamburg.

This evening, by invitation, visited the family of Mr. K. We had in company ten or

twelve ladies and gentlemen. Three of these gentlemen were candidates for the ministry, waiting for a call to office. I could not help looking on them with pity. They must spend half their lives in *acquiring* qualifications, and, while doing this, they are engaged in almost every evil work. The walls of the university would attest what I say if they had power. While there, many of them spend most of their fortune—some, the whole, and the remainder of their lives is spent in almost a state of beggary. "They cannot dig, to beg they are ashamed." Many of those who do receive situations are morally incapable of discharging their duties to the souls under their care. When a living becomes vacant by the death of the incumbent, these candidates invent many stratagems to become possessed of the benefice, and it too frequently happens that he who has most money will be successful. The salvation of souls and the glory of God are out of the question. These things may not be palatable to many of my readers; but we have cherished iniquity too long—who ought to expose it but those who have seen it. But, thank God, there are "a

few names in" Hamburg "which have not defiled their garments." May these "burning and shining lights" increase in numbers.

Wednesday, 15th. Called on the mayor in the evening, to know if it were possible for the American Seaman's Friend Society to have the privilege of appointing a chaplain for the port of Hamburg. He thinks it can be accomplished without difficulty, and promises to exert his influence for this desirable object.

Friday, 17th. After breakfast walked to Hamme and heard an excellent gospel sermon. At candle-light I preached at Horne, the village before named. The school-house in which we worshipped was crowded, and great numbers of the people were bathed in tears. Mr. M. concluded by exhortation and prayer, and we had a profitable meeting. May we meet this dear people at the right hand of God.

Sunday, 19th. Heard two dry sermons from the same text. This is the most disagreeable day I have seen in six years—blowing and snowing heavily all day long—but in the evening returned to the city.

Tuesday, 21st. Dined with Mr. O., a mer-

chant, and was here introduced to Dr. W., of Berlin, who is one of the most intelligent chemists of the present day. He has invented a cure for the dropsy, by sweating the water from the patient, by means of spirits of wine. The patient is placed in a basket made for the purpose, and covered with blankets over and under him. The spirits are placed under the patient, set on fire, and the heat secured by the coverings, and thus perspiration is produced. The next day I accompanied the Dr. to the hospital and witnessed the process of his new invention. I talked with the patient while under the operation, who said he was very comfortable, which was evident from his inclination to sleep. I also conversed with one who had undergone the same operation a day or two before—he said he only now wanted plenty to eat. It would appear this invention is as simple as it is effectual.

Monday, 27th. Bought a few small articles for my children, and put them on board a vessel bound for New-Orleans. At eight o'clock this evening left Hamburg for Berlin, according to previous arrangements. We travelled night and day till we reached the place

of our destination, scarcely having time to take our meals—and yet we only travelled one hundred and forty-four miles in thirty-six hours. The roads are many of them bad—not being turnpike. We arrived at Berlin on Wednesday 29th, about ten o'clock in the morning, somewhat fatigued, not being accustomed to travelling in a stage.

CHAPTER VI.

Reception at Berlin—Novel Sight—Professor Neander—Baron Gottvitz—Count Van Graben—Singular request by a Boy—Social Visits—Spandau Penitentiary—Sabbath School Anniversary—Visit to the Prince.

On arriving at Berlin we made a short stay at an hotel for refreshment. Captain Wendt, my guide and benefactor, called for breakfast—it was prepared after the custom of the country, and consisted of thin slices of Bologna sausage, laid upon thin slices of bread and butter, a bottle of claret, and some ale. This is a breakfast in one of the first hotels in the great city of Berlin. The parents of one of Captain Wendt's seamen reside in this city, whose house I had been requested to make my home, a porter was sent in search of the place. He soon found the young man himself, who quickly came, and we got into a hack, and drove to his father's house. The family

received me with great cordiality—the father was lying very low of a dropsy—I dined with them on boiled rice—after which I took a walk and viewed part of the city, and called upon the Rev. Mr. Gosner, to whom I had a letter of introduction. This gentleman was once a Romish priest, but now a faithful minister of the gospel of the Lord Jesus Christ. With him I took tea, and, after much friendly conversation, in full flow of christian love, he offered me the use of his pulpit, and requested me to occupy it for him the next Monday, at four P. M., which I promised to do. After praying with the family I returned to my lodgings.

Thursday, 30th. Breakfasted on double-baked bread and coffee, and after reading my German Bible, as is usual every morning, I went in search of and found Mr. Elsner, a merchant, to whom I delivered a card of introduction—he received me very kindly, and asked me to take breakfast with him. It appears bread and coffee are not called breakfast here—his was bread buttered and a glass of wine. After partaking of this simple repast, Mr. Elsner, accompanied and introduced me to General Thiele, who is a soldier of Christ, as well as of the king of Prussia. We next called upon

Professor Neander, to whom I was introduced, and then visited the King's Museum. Dined with Mr. Elsner—after which we visited several gentlemen and places of importance. In the evening I met with a company of young men who were engaged in publishing a small weekly religious paper, in which is noticed the chief occurrences of the day relating to the cause of Christ. I was called upon to open the meeting by prayer. The company consisted of preachers, doctors, judges, merchants and military officers, who are all thus engaged in endeavouring to spread the gospel of Christ.

Friday, May 1st, 1835. This morning visited the Rev. Mr. Lisco, a faithful minister of the gospel. He invited me to preach for him the following Sabbath at four P. M., to which I consented. Spent the evening with the Rev. Mr. Arnt and others.

I witnessed a novel sight in this city, which, though simple, may not be uninteresting. The farmers bring their milk and other produce to market in little waggons, drawn by a team of large strong dogs. A country girl may frequently be seen governing a team of these animals, passing through the city and distributing

her dairy produce, and as soon as she has sold out, mounts the carriage, and drives home in style, and very quick too.

Saturday, 2nd. After breakfast called on the Rev. Mr. Cuart, who, I understood, was busily engaged in his study, preparing for the Sabbath, I therefore postponed my introduction and interview until two o'clock in the afternoon, when I called and spent an hour with him. He is a man of first-rate talents, which he employs to the glory of God and the good of his fellow-men.

After this, according to engagement, I called upon Professor Neander, who is said to be one of the most profound scholars of the age. He is by birth a Jew, but a sincere believer in the Messiahship of Jesus Christ. Professor Neander is a man of middle stature, rather slender, of dark complexion, black hair, deep black eyes, with very prominent brows. His outward appearance indicates any thing but greatness, and his dress any thing but neatness ; but it is " the mind which makes the man," according to the old proverb, and it often happens that a wise and talented man is careless about his attire, while fools are after gorgeously attired.

Sunday, 3rd. The first words with which

my ears were saluted this morning were, "dear preacher, my father died last night." This was the voice of our young sailor. The bereavement was sustained with calmness and resignation both by himself and the family. At nine o'clock I went to church and heard Mr. Gosner preach an appropriate sermon from John x. 11, 16. I occupied the pulpit at four P. M. This was my first sermon in this city, and the place was literally crammed. The Lord was present, and his spirit moved upon the hearts of the people, hundreds being in tears. This, in a strange land was, especially, a precious and delightful time. After sermon went to Banco with Mr. Elsner, and spent a few hours with the pious pastor of that place. It is about two miles from Berlin.

Monday, 4th. I was to-day introduced to Baron Gottvitz, a veteran in his seventy-eighth year. He received me in a friendly manner and without ceremony. He asked what made me become a preacher, and I replied by giving him a brief account of my conversion and experience. This seemed to satisfy his curiosity. He spoke much on experimental religion, and the evils resulting to the world from forms and ceremonies having taken the place of true re-

ligion. But he thanked God that a day of better things had dawned upon the world. At four o'clock I went to Rev. Mr. Gosner's church, where I had to preach. The place was crowded, indeed many of the people could not get in. While preaching I felt more of the assisting grace of God than ever before in my life. The congregation was all attention, and the power of redeeming grace was manifested in an unusual degree. Tears of repentance and joy flowed in abundance, and solemnity characterized the whole assembly.

Tuesday, 5th. Visited the missionary school, and, by the request of the superintendant, related my experience, call to the ministry, and some facts on the powerful effects of the gospel in the United States. In answer to various questions, I gave some account of the American Indians.

Wednesday, 6th. Visited Judge Tocke—found him and his family all pious and friendly. After spending an hour or two with them, the Judge accompanied me to Count Van. Graben, adjutant to one of the royal princes. We found him in the garden—he received me very cordially, took my arm, and walked to and fro for an hour or more, conversing on religion. He

talked sweetly on redeeming grace. The count promised to honour me with an introduction to the prince when he returns. At parting he embraced and kissed me, a custom in this city. You must be kissed on both sides of your face by every man to whom you happen to be introduced, no matter his appearance or station.

This afternoon a youth, fifteen or sixteen years of age, came to my room and inquired for the American preacher. I told him who I was, and asked his errand. He said he had come to entreat me to take him with me to America. I asked why he wished to go. He said, "I want to be a missionary." Being but a boy, and an apprentice too, I endeavoured to dissuade him from it. But he remained fixed in his purpose or desire, pleading with streaming eyes, offering to do the lowest services for me, and even go on foot all the way, any thing if only he might go. The latter pledge would have been somewhat difficult to accomplish, nevertheless he might have been sincere, and who knows but that youth may one day carry out his aspirations and become great.

At seven o'clock this evening I preached in the Moravian church to a crowded congrega-

tion, upon whom was wonderfully displayed the saving power of God—the awakening influence of truth. Every thing looks like a glorious revival of religion, and the excitement was so great, that the people of Berlin reminded me of the Methodists in America. After sermon the people flocked round me, kissed my hands, and seemed full of joy. I was extremely happy and rejoiced in God, crying aloud—Hallelujah, my Jesus yet liveth. Two of the missionary students accompanied me home, happy in the Lord.

Friday 8th. By eight o'clock this morning my room was full of visiters, among whom was Professor Sears, from Boston. One person came to invite me to preach a sermon for the benefit of the Sick Visiting Society, on the 17th instant. This evening I met a number of friends at Judge Tocke's, among whom was Rev. Mr. Ayrst, Christian Missionary to the Jews in this city. He meets with some success. It is a common thing here for the friends of religion to meet together in a social circle, and spend an evening in a pleasant way. To me, who was a stranger, this is very delightful, for my knowledge is extended as well as my acquaintance. This evening I was in-

formed that an old lady, who had travelled three hours for the purpose, wished to see me, as she understood I preached the gospel in its purity. It was not so preached in her village, nor any where near her. May the Lord send out labourers into his vineyard.

Saturday, 9th. By eight o'clock this morning my room was full of persons who had come to talk about Jesus. These left me at ten, and I spent the day in reading the Scriptures and writing.

Sunday, 10th. This morning my room was crowded with visiters before eight o'clock, and I received invitation after invitation to preach at various places. At ten o'clock I heard the Rev. Mr. Arnt preach a good and eloquent sermon. He is one of the most powerful orators in the city of Berlin, and decidedly on the Lord's side. At two P. M. I preached in the same church to at least three thousand people. I spoke about an hour and a half, all were solemn as the grave, hundreds were deeply affected, and at least a thousand were in tears. At six P. M. preached again at the Moravian church before the Female Sick Visiting Society. The house was crowded, and nearly all females, many of whom felt the power of the word of God.

Monday, 10th. By seven this morning a number of persons called to speak about the kingdom of God, and the prosperity of the cause of Christ. At ten A. M. preached at the hospital to a large number of impotent folks of every description. They were very attentive, and many shed tears. I was at this time pressingly solicited by Judge Tocke to make his house my home. This invitation was very opportune, as I was not so comfortable as I could wish at my present lodgings. I therefore accepted the friendly call. I attended a prayer-meeting in the evening, and on the next day collected my few things together and repaired to the house of the Judge, No. 20, Thorothen-street, where I had an agreeable place and the kindest of friends. There was at this time, as I understood, some conversation among the religious people of this city to send for my wife and family, and thus induce me to remain among them. I could only reply, the will of the Lord be done. I had not been in the Judge's house long before a sergeant in the army called and requested me to hold a meeting in the house of a sick lady. I did so, and gave them a short discourse on the necessity of the new birth. We had an interesting time.

Bless the Lord O, my soul! Surely my visit to this strange land is not in vain. Religion is reviving daily.

Wednesday, 13th. At nine this morning the Judge and his sister, with myself and another, took a hack and rode to Spandau, where Mr. W. preached to the prisoners in the Penitentiary. There is a chapel in the building for divine service, and while we were there these poor sinners were very attentive and serious. At five P. M. I preached to the female prisoners only. These miserable beings, with few exceptions, were all deeply affected, and some of them almost wept aloud. May God in mercy visit and deliver them from the chains of sin and death! The keeper and his wife are pious, and some of the prisoners have been converted since their confinement. After taking some refreshment I was constrained to promise another visit to the Penitentiary, with the leave of Providence.

Friday, 15th. Attended a meeting this evening, which began at six o'clock. When I arrived there was about three hundred people assembled, and as soon as I entered they commenced, singing a hymn of welcome, which had been composed for the occasion by one of the

number. These good people could have no bad motive, which induced them to this, but to me it appeared inconsiderate, and very much like idolatry. I therefore gently reproved them, and hope the Lord will forgive their folly and blind zeal. I spoke plain, and they were much affected.

Saturday, 16. Went to the police office and extended the date of my permit another month. In the evening preached in the work-house to an attentive congregation of about three hundred.

Sunday, 17th. This day, at two o'clock, preached at the orphan-house church to two thousand people, and hundreds had to go away being unable to get in. At six in the evening preached at the Moravian church to more than could get in—We had a gracious time, for the Lord made his word "quick and powerful" to many who were present.

Monday, 18th. Visited Countess Darnerd, a pious lady. At her house I saw Count Halstine, a pious nobleman, from Denmark. It appears that quite a goodly number of noblemen in this country are decidedly religious. May the good Lord increase their number. At four P. M. preached in Mr. Gosner's church,

which was literally crammed full of hearers, and the mighty power of God's word was felt by hundreds.

Tuesday, 19th. Called on the Rev. Mr. Strause, one of the chaplains of the court, who received me very kindly. I had much interesting conversation with him and several other gentlemen on the subject of religion in America. Here again I had to satisfy the curiosity of these gentlemen on the possibility of becoming a preacher without going through a regular course of studies. When I told them of the merciful dealings of God with me, and of my ministerial success, they seemed perfectly astonished.

Wednesday, 20th. By the urgent request of several friends I allowed a portrait painter to take my likeness, underneath which I wrote the following motto: "I determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." In the evening preached at the Moravian church—we had an affecting season. After service a great number of young people assembled in the yard before the church, and with their instruments and voices made sweet music, which they continued for half an hour, when I left the place. We returned to

the city, eleven in company, in a carriage. All joined in singing as we went along, in like manner as the Methodists in America returning from a camp-meeting.

Friday, 22d. Visited Count Van Graben, and was informed that the Prince wished, if possible, to see me on Sunday next. This I could not do, having three appointments to preach, which I could neither relinquish nor neglect, though it were to accommodate a crowned prince.

Sunday, 24th. At ten P. M. preached in the Moravian church, which was crowded, and we had another display of the force of gospel truth. After sermon the keeper of the States Prison sent his carriage for me to go to Spandau, to preach to the prisoners. I went, and at two o'clock addressed several hundred of the inmates of the place, who were very attentive. In the evening I returned to Berlin, and attended an anniversary of the Sabbath school, which was held in the Moravian church. The place was crowded to excess, hundreds could not get in. Five addresses were delivered, and a collection taken up amounting to about forty-five dollars. After this I was called on to address the meeting, as some anxiety was

manifested to know something about Sabbath schools in America. I gave some account of our plans of operation, and the good effects which had been produced. I urged the friends of the cause to persevere, and called upon the young people present to volunteer their aid as teachers. The happy result of this meeting was, that in less than two months after as many as forty schools were established, in addition to the seven which then existed.

Monday, 25th. Many visiters called upon me this morning, among whom was a young lady, who has been awakened and induced to seek the Lord, through my feeble exertions in this city. By her conversion alone all my labours are compensated, and I am rewarded a thousand times, and more. Another has just called in great distress, inquiring the way to Heaven. She is under deep concern for her salvation, and I hope that God will speedily remove her "load of guilty woe," and make her happy in his love. This evening Dr. C. sent his carriage for me, I went and spent an agreeable evening with him and his pious family.

Wednesday, 2 th. This morning a lady called to see me, and when about to leave me,

placed in my hand two Prussian eagles, worth five dollars and a half each; thus the Lord provides for me in a strange land. Blessed be his holy name. On this and the following day we had many tokens for good—greater manifestations of the power of God than I have witnessed since my arrival in Berlin.

Friday, 29th. This morning I removed my lodgings from the house of my worthy and kind host, to that of his brother, who insisted on my spending a part of the time with him. I found him and his amiable wife possessed of the same friendliness and kindness as their kinsman. At seven this evening I preached at Rixdorf, where I had walked, the place was exceedingly crowded, and many were so affected as scarcely to be able to refrain from crying aloud. "The word of God is quick and powerful."

Saturday, 30th. A friend called this morning to know my circumstances—he said the friends were resolved I should want nothing. I also received an invitation to visit the Prince at two P. M. I did so, and was very kindly received by his royal highness. He asked me many questions about America, principally with regard to the progress of religion. I spent a short time with him very agreeably—he is a

smart friendly man. There is not that ostentation about him which we republican Americans think princes possess. He wore a plain surtout coat, turned up with red, and a gold star on his breast. I discerned no other peculiarities about him. We shook hands and parted. The next day, Sunday, 31st, preached twice and attended a Jews' missionary meeting: it was an affecting time—all were in tears. God's ancient people will be gathered in.

CHAPTER VII.

The Grave-yard—Church Government—Leaves Berlin—The Farmers of Wiettbrizen—King's Gardens, Museum and Palace—Theological Meeting—Return to Berlin a few Days—Departure thence for Koenigsburg.

Monday, June 1st, 1835. Visited the lady of a Russian minister of state, who was afflicted in a very peculiar manner, and must have suffered a thousand deaths. She was, however, calm and composed—her appearance was truly angelic—never did I see a countenance more heavenly. Contrary to all expectation she recovered and returned to Russia. We had a delightful interview, and a happy time while reading the word of God with her and the family.

Tuesday, 2d. Walked to the grave-yard, and viewed the solemn mansions of the dead. While gazing upon the splendid monuments

and decorated tombs erected by friends, I could not help thinking that the money thus expended would have been better laid out, if devoted to supplying the wants of the poor and needy with food and raiment—this expenditure of money may do good however, as it increases manual labour, nevertheless what are our bodies worth,

"When dust they turn to dust again?"

Tombs and monuments only show the attachment of friends, and by no means prove the worth of the departed.

Friday, 5th. Several friends called to spend the evening with me. The conversation turned on church government, which is truly in a lamentable condition throughout the whole country. No kind of discipline exercised, by which the profane and profligate are excluded from the privileges of the church. And it is enough to make a Christian's heart bleed to kneel by the side of a drunkard at the sacramental table of the Lord. There is great need for reformation. Oh! that God would raise up reformers of primitive purity and apostolic holiness and simplicity!

Tuesday, 9th. According to previous ar-

rangement, I this day was to have gone into the country, as I thought, to a village to preach Christ and him crucified. But being informed that the company who wished me to go, were only a pleasure party, and wished me to accompany them to preach in the woods, that they might enjoy their enthusiastic exercises without restraint, such exercises being contrary to the law of the land. The contemplated proceedings dissatisfied the more intelligent and good, and I therefore resolved not to go. It caused great dissatisfaction to the parties concerned, inasmuch as they had engaged ten or a dozen wagons or carriages, which would contain twelve persons each; but, I deemed it more judicious to offend them than injure the cause of God.

Every day brings with it more abundant proofs of the kindness of friends and the goodness of God. My wants are supplied, and the spirit of God accompanies the gospel preached by me in every place. To the name of the Lord the glory shall be given.

Thursday, 11th. More than an usual number of friends called upon me this morning, in consequence of my being about to leave the city for a time. Several young converts were

among them, who wept bitterly at my going away. What must have been the distress which filled the minds of the Ephesian church, when Paul left them, if these good people weep and lament at my departure, who am weakness itself. But God can raise up children to Abraham, and make those abundantly useful who are poor and comparatively illiterate. These kind people hung around me like children about a parent, and equally loath to let me go. However I must go, so at eleven A. M. took the mail-stage for Potsdam, where I arrived at three P. M. and made the house of the Rev. Mr. Barnhardy my home according to previous arrangement. At six I preached to the invalids in the hospital, who were very attentive.

Saturday, 13th. After some difficulty and changes of guides I arrived at Wietbrizen, and the next day (Sunday) preached twice in the church, and in the afternoon many were in tears.

Monday, 15th. In the forenoon took a walk into the fields with the Rev. Mr. L. The farmers were weeding their millet. After dinner I went out to a place, which, by its eminence,

allows us to look around a great extent of country, interspersed with corn-fields, flax and potatoe-patches, and pasture-ground. Every thing looked very poor, the soil, if so it could be called, being a white sand. This village has at least twelve square miles of land attached to it, and only four hundred inhabitants, and the poverty of the land is such that they can scarcely live. Taxes are exorbitant. The parson takes a tenth of all the farmer raises, and then many other tax-gatherers call for their demands, until the poor farmer, who labours from two in the morning until ten at night, has very little left for himself.

In the evening many of the farmers left their work in the fields and came to the parsonage-house to see me. Rev. Mr. L. arranged seats in the parlour and invited them in. After they were seated I said to them, "Well, dear people, do you wish me to tell you something about America, of the country, or people, or do you wish me to tell you something from the word of God?" "The word of God," answered an old farmer. So I began to talk to them about religion, and how it was obtained, then sang a hymn and prayed with them, and nearly all of

them left the house weeping, and affectionately bade me farewell, leaving other evidences of their kindness to me.

Tuesday, 16. This morning, at half past four o'clock, I took my departure for Potsdam, in company with the minister and his sister. We arrived there at eight A. M. At three P. M. I went to church with the Rev. Mr. B., who had to perform the ceremony of baptism on a child. At this time I went through the church with the sexton, and examined all its parts. I saw under the pulpit the coffins of Frederick the Great and his father. Here they lie side by side—they are said to have been bitter enemies to each other while living; but death makes no distinctions, and settles all human differences.

Wednesday, 17th. Visited the King's gardens, Museum, and New Palace, three miles from the city. The Museum is the most splendid edifice I have ever seen—its numerous walls, and floors beautifully decorated with shells—its pillars laid with all kinds of precious stones—its furniture, clock-cases, &c., adorned with inlaid tortoise-shells, and a thousand other things of superb grandeur. My conductor directed me to another part of the

building, where the statue of the late queen is exhibited, sculptured in white marble, as beautiful and lovely as if she was alive and lying asleep.

The Prince Regent's Palace is a small but elegant building, surrounded by beautiful gardens and artificial fountains, from which is springing columns of water, many yards in height, clear as crystal. In one of these gardens I accidentally met the princess and one of her attendant ladies, the wife of Count Van Graben. The princess was dressed as plain as an American farmer's daughter is when she goes to see a neighbour.

When I returned to the city I found several visiters waiting for me, some of whom had come about thirty miles to hear an American preacher. At four P. M. they had the opportunity, for I preached the missionary anniversary sermon in the garrison church. There were about two thousand people present, upon whom the spirit of the Lord moved powerfully. May the kingdom of Christ prosper.

Thursday, 18th. Went to see the castle sometimes occupied by Frederick the Great. I went through the various apartments of splendour, and visited also the Marble Palace, so

called because the entire interior is of marble. Here I saw the infant king of Prussia—a beautiful boy, now four or five years old. In the evening I attended a theological meeting, composed of ministers and candidates. They were men of learning, but I had to differ with them on the subject of conviction and conversion, and endeavoured to show the contrast between our opinions, and explain the difference. At their request I related my experience, and told them how I got into the ministry; but the whole matter seemed to them a sealed book—they had never heard the like before.

On the 19th, (Friday) I returned to Berlin, after an absence of nine days, and was received by friends with open arms—never shall I forget their affectionate cordiality. The next day I preached two or three times; and on Sunday, 21st, as I thought, preached my farewell sermon to the friends at Berlin, in the Moravian church. The service commenced at six o'clock in the evening, and the place was crowded. I preached from Acts xx. 32. We had a very solemn time, and it would be considered vanity in me were I to describe the deep affection manifested toward me, while they wept bitterly at my departure. A large concourse of people

met me at the door and affectionately bade me farewell. My kind host, Judge T., was waiting for me with his carriage, in which was his amiable sister and two countesses. We were driven to the count's house, where I was received with great kindness, and introduced to several gentlemen, counts and officers of the army. They were dressed in splendid uniform. They were perfectly familiar, having none of that aristocratic stiffness which an American supposes inseparable from European titled nobles. I spent a pleasant evening with them, and before we parted the countess brought me the Bible, so I read a chapter and prayed with them. They all kneeled during prayer.

Monday, 22d. Owing to various circumstances I had again to preach in this city. It was in the Rev. Mr. Gosner's church, which, by the time appointed, was overflowing. I preached from Isaiah lx. 20, " Thy sun shall no more go down; neither shall thy moon withdraw itself: for the Lord shall be thine everlasting light, and the days of thy mourning shall be ended." The congregation were deeply affected, but we rejoiced in the contemplation of that period when all tears shall be wiped

away, and where none will say farewell. A kind providence has supplied my wants during my stay here, and I leave with demonstrations of regret on the part of the people.

At ten this evening I joined a party of friends (eight) who were about to accompany me to Koenigsberg, a village about forty miles east of Berlin. The friends from Koenigsberg met us at a certain place, so we changed carriages and joined them. We staid awhile at New-Walden to see the sulphur springs, and then went on our way, and arrived at our place of destination about three P. M. It is difficult for a stranger to obtain the use of pulpits here. Some of the clergy are fnable ten dollars if they give their pulpit to a stranger. But it is seldom any body is found weak enough to give the information to the authorities. Yet Satan is very cunning, and will not readily give up his dominions. However, after showing my credentials and recommendations from some of the most eminent men in Germany and Berlin, I had access to the pulpits, and obtained the friendship and esteem of the several pastors. There is a wide field of labour, and thousands anxious to hear the word. Whenever I preached many wept aloud, and hundreds gave evidence

that they hungered and thirsted after righteousness. The people want the bread of life, but there are few, very few, to distribute it to them.

I preached frequently here and in the neighbouring places, and it was quite evident that good was done by the simple preaching of the cross. The day of eternity will reveal the secrets of all hearts, and we shall then know, and only then, how much good has been done. To the name of the Lord be all the glory.

Tuesday, June 30th. After breakfast called on Bishop Ritschl, who received me kindly, and authorized me to accept any invitation that might be made by any of his clergy to occupy their pulpits. From all I could see, I judge the bishop is a good and pious man. I next called upon the first council, Lord Von Middlestaeth, brother-in-law to my friend Judge Tocke, of Berlin. I found him and his lady both christians, and during my stay in this place manifested great kindness towards me. On this day I met with the pastor of the French reformed church, whose christian character has long been exemplary. He offered me the use of his pulpit.

CHAPTER VIII.

Letter from Home—A little Controversy—Visit to Stuttgard—Bishop Otto, and the ancient Baptismal Font — Inconsistent Consistory — Malicious Letter from Berlin—Its Recantation—Detained at Hoff—Interview with a Shepherd—Professor Greene and Lady Danville, Kentucky—Pass on to Nuernberg—Churches and Burying Grounds—Female Labour in the Markets—Ignorance of our Country—Note respecting Luther.

Wednesday, July 1st, 1835. During this and the two following days I was very much indisposed, having taken cold. Fever and hoarseness were the result, which continued a few days with some severity. On Saturday, 14th, I was much gratified by the reception of a letter from my family at New Orleans, especially after I had made myself acquainted with its contents. It contained the cheering news of the conversion of my second son, who writes me he has made up his mind to serve the Lord and put his hand to the gospel plough. May God, in mercy, prepare him for his spiritual warfare, and sustain him in the conflict.

Though my body was enfeebled by affliction, my soul was full of joy, and my friends here rejoiced with me.

In a day or two I recovered from my affliction, and was enabled to prosecute my labours in the church, and attend the house of God.

Tuesday, 7th. Early in the morning I was awoke by some one knocking at my door. It was an elderly gentleman who wished to have some talk with me on the goodness of God, and entreat me not to leave the city so soon as I had appointed, viz., within six or eight days. While at breakfast the servant announced another visiter, whom I found to be a lady desirous of conversing about Jesus. Soon after this two others came, one of whom was an elderly lady, I believe seventy-three years of age—she wept bitterly for her sins, and because she had not found the pardon and peace of the gospel. I directed her to Jesus, who receiveth sinners in the eleventh hour. The young lady who was with her enjoyed religion, and had been made the instrument of bringing the old lady to a sense of her danger. May they both find eternal life through Jesus Christ.

Spent this evening with Professor Schults and some of his friends, among whom were

several clergymen. One of these latter entered into an argument with a pious lieutenant in the army. The clergyman stated, and tried to prove, that a sinner could be saved without believing the divinity of Christ. His antagonist asked, on what principle? He answered, a man may become acquainted with the lovely character of Jesus, and resolve to imitate the same, and by so doing get to heaven. Of course he excluded the necessity of the atonement and rejected the only foundation laid in Zion. I had listened to his talk some time rather impatiently, and obtained permission to ask a question, which was readily granted. I said to the clergyman, "do you believe your Bible?" He answered in the affirmative. "Well sir," said I, "what do these passages of Scripture mean?" 'Without *faith* it is impossible to please God,' and 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.'" These passages confused him not a little, and it seemed as though he then heard them for the first time. However, being near midnight, I retired in company with my host, and, according to arrangement, took extra post to Stuttgard about eighteen miles distant. We arrived

there about five o'clock next morning, and took up our abode with Captain Vonden Brincken, an officer in the Pussian service, and an humble soldier of King Messiah. He quickly formed a plan for my preaching to the people, and succeeding in obtaining the Reformed Church. The pastor freely gave his consent, being a pious follower of the meek and lowly Jesus. The appointment was made for six in the evening, so that there were but four hours in which to make it known. Nevertheless the church was filled to overflowing, and every body attentive and orderly. I regret to have to except a clergyman, who came in drunk, and seemed very uneasy. He is the first pastor of one of the finest churches in these parts. I understand he has a colleague who is as great a libertine as he is a drunkard, guilty of abominations which are revolting to human nature, and disgraceful to any man, especially a clergyman. What a deplorable condition their congregation must be in, with such examples, such practical contradictions to the power and truth of the gospel. These are not alone, there are many more of their stamp in this kingdom, who proclaim " liberty to others while they themselves are the slaves of corrup-

tion." May God in mercy deliver my country and nation from such a blighting curse and withering blast!

Tuesday, 9th. Left Stuttgard at four A. M. and set out for Pyritz, having in our company Count Hastinger and Count Smith. We arrived at our journey's end early in the day, and an arrangement was made for me to preach at night. By six o'clock the church was crowded, and the Lord was in our midst. We had an interesting meeting. During the day I went to the place where stood the font in which Bishop Otto baptized the first Christians in this country. It was surrounded with a handsome wall, upon the face of which was inscribed an account of the baptism aforesaid. The present King of Prussia erected a beautiful granite cross over the font, eight or ten feet high.

On Friday the 12th, left Pyritz at noon and arrived at Stettin. Soon many friends visited me, and on Sunday at two o'clock, owing to my being a stranger from America, the church was fuller that had been seen in a long time. I used great plainness of speech on the prevailing sins of the age, both of priests and people. Satan raged, being very much afraid

of losing his kingdom. But the truth must be told.

This day I had the pleasure of being introduced to Mr. Pinkerton, agent of the London Bible Society. He has founded all the Bible Societies in Germany, and I found him, what every man in his occupation ought to be, a christian, a scholar, and a gentleman.

It appeared, for several days after this, as though Satan was trying his utmost to prevent me from doing good and preaching the gospel. One minister allowed me his pulpit, and then sent word I could not have it. He understood I was very plain, and he, Jonah-like, was afraid to preach repentance to Nineveh. After all, I find in my Bible a solace and calm for every disquieted feeling, and it is the only weapon which I desire to use in fighting my way through this miserable world.

Wednesday, 15th. In the afternoon visited several clergymen, one of whom offered me his pulpit. Three of them were playing at chess, drinking wine and smoking their pipes. I introduced the subject of religion, and related my own experience. They were utterly amazed, and stared me in the face. It was evident that

if they had not seen they at least had heard *strange things.*

About this date, and some days afterwards, I had more than an usual number of friends called to see me. Many from places six or ten miles distant, bringing invitations to return with them and preach to their people. I could only attend to some. Oh! how lamentable it is, that there should be such an abundant harvest of precious souls and so few faithful labourers!

A company of about ten or twelve went with me to a town called Greivewhagen, and early on Monday, 20th, the superintendant was applied to for the use of the church. He at first refused, but was repeatedly urged, and at last reluctantly consented, or, perhaps, we may say, partially consented. He wished to see me, and, even then, he would only allow us an hour and a half to make it known. He refused to order the bell to be rung, and would not allow the organist to perform upon his instrument. After some conversation I showed him my credentials and recommendations, and he softened down, ordered the little bell to be rung, and the organist to play, and, withal, offered to accompany me to church. He did

so—there were a thousand people present, still as the grave, solemn as death, and many were deeply affected. After preaching I went into the vestry, and had scarcely sat down, when the old man came in. I arose and met him, he was much affected, spoke approving words respecting the sermon, and threw his arms round my neck, and urged me to stay longer, as also did others. I mention this simply to show how God can change the hearts of men, and make their wrath praise him. I could not help smiling, and being somewhat diverted, at the excitement produced in a small town by the appearance of a stranger, especially an American. They crowded to their doors as in America they do when an elephant passes, having some curious idea about our colour or shape, or some other peculiarity.

Thursday, 23d. This and the two or three following days was attended with some difficulties, arising from the opposition of the consistory to my preaching. My authority was disputed by them because it was of American origin, and because my ordination was effected in America they considered it invalid there. Nor would the attestation and approval of several distinguished European ministers, coupled with the authority of the Bishop suffice, who

had given me authority to occupy any pulpit to which I might be invited. I resisted their order, and determined to oppose their arbitrary proceedings with meekness. Their movements were *ex parte*, for they had commenced this stir and opposition while the Bishop was out of town, as also several of my staunch and unflinching friends in the consistory. I was willing, however, to comply with the law of the land, whatever that might be—this they did not make known to me, and I knew it was not opposed to my conduct. At this time I received many invitations to preach, but I declined, willing to avoid offence. It was evident, however, from what I could hear, that the offence was on the other side. The consistory had much offended the people by their conduct toward me. Of course I had much anxiety of mind as to how the matter would terminate.

On Friday, 31st, I went to his majesty's private counsellor, who informed me that the Rev. gentlemen who composed the consistory had, one and all, got themselves into difficulty. And it seemed as though they must determine to serve either God or the devil fully. Public opinion was arrayed against them, and they must either

change their course, or receive general execration.

On Sunday, the 2d of August, I called upon the Bishop and related to him every fact in the case. The Bishop assured me that all should be satisfactorily settled, and that I need not be discouraged, he believed all would be right. And so it was—affairs were amicably adjusted, and I again preached and exhorted in the meetings to the satisfaction and profit of all. To God be all the glory!

Monday, 3d. This being the King's birthday, there was much show and noise. The day was celebrated much after the manner of our fourth of July. The uniform of the soldiery was rather more splendid than ours.

Wednesday, 5th. It seems as though my troubles were not at an end. All was peace and quietness here, when some person from Berlin brought a letter to the consistory, impugning my character and motives, and saying many disrespectful things of me. I obtained the letter and went immediately to Berlin—my friends were very glad to see me, and all were ignorant of any movement against me. It was *private* malice alone, and I therefore, in company with a friend, went direct to the author of the

letter, and laid it before him. He was utterly confused, and confessed he had wronged me. He wrote a recantation of all he had said to the person by whom he sent the letter against me, and withal gave me a copy thereof. When he had done this he begged I would not expose the letter or publish it in Berlin, and to satisfy him that I did not mean to injure him, or bear malice, I tore the obnoxious letter in pieces. This seemed to break his heart, and he confessed he was more than ever satisfied of my uprightness, inasmuch as I had not manifested any ill-will toward him. The copy of the recantation he gave me, I inclosed to the Bishop of Stettin, who filed it among the acts and records of the city. Thus terminated this harassing affair, and I was, through the mercy of God, triumphant above all my foes.

A kind providence has given me many friends, and these have proved their attachment to me in my distress. They have not forsaken me, and I go on, as usual, preaching and trying to be good.

On Tuesday, 11th, I secured a land-pass to Stuttgard, in Wirtemberg, and, after spending the next day in parting with my friends and paying a few visits, on Thursday, 13th, I start-

ed. We passed through many towns and villages, one of which was Wittenberg, the scene of Luther's actions, where a monument is erected to his memory*. We travelled slowly, and on Tuesday, 18th, arrived at Hoff, in the kingdom of Bavaria. On presenting my pass to the police-officer, he stated it was unlawful, and that I could proceed no farther. It lacked a Bavarian seal, signed by the consu of that kingdom This was trying, as it would detain me at least four days. However I was obliged to submit, and my papers had to be sent back to Leipzic for the purpose aforesaid. On the next day I met with a young minister, who is settled here, and determined to preach Christ and him crucified to his people. This alone will be the means of good to souls. May God prosper his labours.

Thursday, 20th. After breakfast I walked in the fields, and had a little conversation with some of the rustics. I perceive the common people are ignorant of the gospel facts and doctrines. The farmers were too busy to talk, but I met with a shepherd, to whom I said, "What was the best news ever brought to shepherds in the field?" He said, "he did not know." I told him by rehearsing, "And

* See note, page 130.

the angel said unto them, fear not, behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people." He said, "Aye, but that has not yet come to pass." I said it had, and how, relating the circumstances of the birth of Christ. I said to him, "Can you tell me who it was that said, 'I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep.'" He could not recollect. I said, "was it not Paul?" He said, "O yes! that is his name." I told him he was in error, but that it was Jesus, to which statement he also assented, thus showing his ignorance of simple matters of fact narrated in the gospel. I gave the poor man some good advice, and pursued my rambles through the fields. I found several others who had no better ideas of saving truth than the poor shepherd; and it is unquestionably true, that where ignorance pervades the minds of any people, there cannot be any true religion. Ignorance may produce fanaticism and bigotry, but it cannot be the means of inducing devotion, which is the essence of true religion. The next day my papers returned from Leipzic, properly attested by the Bavarian consul, and I immediately took passage to Nuernberg. On Saturday, just before I started, I had the plea-

sure of meeting with Professor Greene and his lady, from Danville, Kentucky. None but those who have experienced it can appreciate the gratification felt by the accidental meeting of friends and countrymen in a foreign land. For myself, I feel an ardent attachment to my country and government, and in this land of oppression I feel my heart elated, and my spirits raised when I think and can say, *Ich bin Ein Americaner Mein Herr.* (I am an American.) The Professor and his lady accompanied me to Nuernberg in a stage, where we arrived at eight A. M. next day. I was kindly received, and the Rev. Mr. Merchel invited me to make his house my home during my stay in this city.

Monday, 24th. Rose refreshed and rested, took a walk to the grave-yard, and as it is so very different from any thing seen in America, I may be excused giving a short description thereof. It is a large piece of ground surrounded by a wall. Inside are a church, an old chapel, and other buildings. The interiors of the church and chapel are decorated with busts and paintings. There are also many sculptured monuments and statues in the yard. Among others are Christ and the two malefactors, in full size, hewn out of the solid rock.

The graves are first made eight or ten feet deep, and the bodies are placed one above another according as they die, and when the vault is full, a tomb-stone is placed over the grave, with a brass plate inlaid. This plate contains the name of the head of the family, when and where he was born, when he died, &c., with the family coat of arms. From the inscriptions I perceived some of these were very ancient. The churches here are nearly all in the ancient Gothic style, full of busts and images inside and out. I spent several hours among these mansions of the dead, and then repaired to the temples of the living.

Wednesday, 26th. At seven o'clock this morning I preached in a large and splendid church. The service was not extensively announced, and therefore the congregation small, nevertheless the spirit of the Lord was with us, and many were much affected. After sermon a clergyman's lady approached me and burst into tears. She said she was constrained by christian love to invite me to her house. She was so affected as to forget to state where she lived, and retired. However, in about an hour after she returned, and I went home with her. Had a pleasant interview with

her husband, who kindly invited me to occupy his pulpit the following Sabbath, to which I consented.

Saturday, 29th. I took a ramble through the city, passing through the market. Here there are vegetables of all kinds in abundance, and fruits also. Apples, pears, apricots, and plumbs of all varieties. Here are also live hogs, ducks, geese, chickens, and pigeons, by thousands. In short, there is a plentiful supply of all the necessaries of life. I have often shuddered, when in large European cities, to see the drudgery and hard labour to which females are subjected. The beautiful and young, the homely and aged, all alike exposed to the greatest servility. Here they often carry as much as a feeling man in America would place upon the back of his mule. Females could never have been intended for such employments, and thus to enslave them is a disgrace to any civilized nation.

The houses of this city are built of brick or stone, from three to six stories high, painted white or yellow. The streets are very irregular, and since there are no side-walks, any person is in danger of being run over. In the course of my peregrinations I met with and

took a view of the church in which I am to preach to-morrow. It is a Gothic pile, first built in 1200, but repaired a few years ago. It will hold two thousand people. As in most other ancient churches, it contains a great number of carved busts and images. The ancient fortifications here are worth an examination. They consist of a trench, eighty or one hundred feet wide, and twenty-five or thirty feet deep. This is walled on both sides, with large blocks of free-stone, some of which are very much decayed.

This afternoon I received a note from the hand of a clergyman which enclosed two Bavarian dollars. I will here give the note translated from the German. "A small pittance from an anonymous poor penitent sinner, to the Rev. preacher from North America, to help him on his journey. Praying the Lord that he would bring this faithful shepherd of souls in good health back to the arms of his dear family, and may the words spoken by him be blessed of the Lord, amen." I mention this incident, not because of its certification respecting me and my labours, but because of the liberality and good feeling it manifests towards a stranger in a strange land.

Monday, 31st. Preached yesterday, according to previous arrangement, to about three thousand souls, who were seriously attentive. I had some conversation to-day with a clergyman about America. Some of these learned gentlemen know very little about our country. And yet some of them know more about it, in their own conceit, than myself, who was born and brought up in the country, and lived forty-six years therein, and in that time travelled over nearly every state in the union. Such may be forgiven, as our beloved country has been much traduced by foreign writers who have visited our shores.

Luther and Wittenberg*. As mention has been made of the great reformer, Luther, in connexion with Wittenberg, it may not be amiss to refresh the memory of the reader, by recapitulating some of the events which there occurred, especially as these, in their then future operations, produced such an astonishing moral revolution in the world. We are indebted to that elaborate work, "Encyclopedia Americana," for an excellent sketch of the great reformer's life. It is there stated that, "he (Luther) in 1507, was consecrated priest, and in 1508, by the influence of his patron,

* See page 124.

Staupitz, he was made professor of philosophy in the New University of Wittenberg. In this sphere of action his powerful mind soon showed itself. He threw off the fetters of scholastic philosophy, so intimately connected with the papal hierarchy, asserted the rights of reason, and soon collected a large number of disciples. In 1510 he visited the court of Pope Leo X. at Rome, on business entrusted to him by his order. This journey revealed to him the irreligion and corruption of the clergy at Rome, and destroyed his reverence for the sanctity of the pope. After his return he became a preacher at Wittenberg, and in 1512 he was made a doctor in theology. As such, his oath bound him, as he thought, to the fearless defence of the Holy Scriptures. His profound learning, which embraced an intimate acquaintance with the ancient classics, the fathers of the church, and the spirit of the Greek and Hebrew languages, together with the fame of his eloquence, soon made Luther known to the principal scholars, and esteemed as a powerful advocate of the new light, which was breaking upon the world. Great, therefore, was the attention excited by his ninety-five propositions, given to the world October 31, 1517, and in-

tended to put an end to the sale of indulgences, the unhappy effects of which had appeared already in his congregation at Wittenberg.

Ambition or hatred of the Dominicans had no influenee in producing this measure. His propositions were condemned as heretical as soon as they appeared. Hogstraaten, a Dominican at Cologne, Dr. Eck at Ingoldstadt, and Prierias, an officer of the Roman court, immediately began an attack upon Luther; but neither their invectives, nor the papal summons to Rome, which he did not obey, nor the mild exhortations of the Cardinal Cajetau, at Augsberg, in 1518, and of the Munico Miltibz, at Attenburg, in 1519, with alluring offers from the Pope himself, were sufficient to induce him to recant. He replied to his opponents with boldness and determination, and even after his dispute with Eck, at Leipsic, in 1519, he still maintained the invalidity of indulgences, and of the papal supremacy. No one answered him, and he appealed with justice, from the decision of Cajetau, to the pope, and from the pope to a general council."

But, perhaps, the most important act that ever Luther performed at Wittenberg, was that by which he practically renounced all

recognition of papal authority. It arose out of the conduct of the papists towards him, and is thus described in the work quoted above: "In 1520 Luther and his friends were excommunicated. His writings were burnt at Rome, Cologne, and Louvain. Indignant at this open act of hostility, after his modest letter, in which he had showed himself desirous of reconciliation, declared his submission to the pope, and advocated a reform in the church. Luther burned the bull of excommunication, and the decretals of the papal canon at Wittenberg, December 10, 1520. By this act he dissolved all connexion with the pope and the Roman church, Frederick, the elector of Saxony, seemed in doubt whether he should protect him. But the worthiest of the German noblemen, Hunter, Sickengar, Schaumburz, whom he called upon to defend the new opinions, hailed him as the champion of religious liberty, and offered him their fortress and their arms; but Luther wished no protector but God." Luther began the work of purifying the liturgy in Wittenberg in 1523, and by his laying aside the cowl, "gave the signal for the abolition of monasteries." From 1526 to 1529 he was engaged in preparing a new

church service, corresponding with his views of gospel truth. He had much opposition, and many conflicts for a series of years. Luther died in 1546, at Eisleden, and was buried in the cathedral church at Wittenberg. The monument mentioned in the foregoing chapter has since been erected to his memory.

CHAPTER IX.

Visit to Stuttgard—Difficulty of preaching there—Switzerland—The River Rhine--The Alps—Beautiful Scenery — Schaffhausen — Guerck — Found a Namesake—Lavater—Basle Cathedral —Erasmus—Mouse Tower—Revisited Hamburg from Bremen—Return thither—Preparations for sailing to the United States—Passage across the Atlantic—Arrival at New-Orleans.

September 1st, 1835. For several days after this date I could not make myself as extensively useful as previously, in consequence of my being debarred from preaching in the pulpits, this being contrary to their established usage. However, by visiting and conversation, and other means, I endeavoured to do good. By request I visited a society of females, who meet once every month to sew and knit. They appropriated the proceeds of their joint labour to the cause of foreign missions. I gave them much information respecting America, in answer to various questions. We sang

a hymn and parted in peace. Not being able to succeed in this place as much as I desired, and especially because I could not obtain the use of the pulpits, I determined to leave, and consequently took my passage for Stuttgard. I arrived there at five P. M. the next day. There is much spiritual despotism in this place also, and none but those legally authorized dare open their mouths in a public place of worship. This is a land of ceremonies, many of which are directly opposed to the spirit of the gospel, and consequently detrimental to its progress. There are, however, many pious people, and several clergymen, who are truly devoted to God. I had an interview with one Professor Schubert, an able advocate of the Christian religion, as well as a gentleman of high literary attainments.

There is another thing which often gives me much pain of mind, and it is this, that when persons convinced of sin and heavy laden are in distress, there are so few to take them by the hand and lead them to Christ the Saviour; and sinners thus impressed seldom have courage to inquire of those whom they think would lead them aright. Thus, between hope and fear, inward and outward conflict, such as

these often lead a miserable life and die in despair. Who would not pray that the Sun of Righteousness may arise with healing in his wings, and shed over the world light and truth; or we might adopt the language of a beautiful hymn which may be found, I believe, in the Methodist collection.

"Jesus, the word of mercy give,
And let it swiftly run;
And let the priests themselves believe,
And put salvation on.

Cloth'd with the spirit of holiness,
May all thy people prove
The plenitude of gospel grace,
The joy of perfect love.

Jesus, let all thy lovers shine,
Illustrious as the sun:
And bright with borrow'd rays divine,
Their glorious circuit run.

Beyond the reach of mortals spread
Their light where'er they go;
And heavenly influences shed
On all the world below.

As the bright sun of righteousness,
Their healing wings display!
And let their lustre still increase
Unto the perfect day.

It is remarkable with what caution and deliberation all the clergy act as regards giving the use of their pulpits, and affording privileges to strangers. This has already been intimated, but after this date I had still more proof of it. One clergyman would give his consent, and then another must be consulted, and perhaps another, and so forth. Thus it was on one occasion, every arrangement was made for my occupying a certain pulpit, when I was informed Mr. So and So must be advised with. I went the next day to him, but he refused me his hand, and was somewhat uncourteous; but I took all in good part, and began to reason with him, after which he gave his consent, though somewhat reluctantly. Thus, after much difficulty and trouble, I gained access to the pulpit, and once more declared the good news of salvation to a great multitude, who were deeply serious and attentive. The spirit of God must have wrought powerfully on many hearts, as all, or nearly all, were in tears. A person I met with next day said he thought he knew something about American revivals, since he had heard me preach. He said people could not but feel under plain gospel preaching, and consequently fall down and cry for mercy.

I gave him to understand that his idea was thereabouts correct, and that our preachers in America aimed more at doing good than at display, by systematic and formal proceedings. It would seem also that my preaching here had caused some excitement in the place, and there was a general inquiry whether I could not stay a little longer and preach again. I consented to stay two days, and was engaged to preach on the Wednesday, this being Monday. I did so, and the church was crowded. I took for my text, Matt. xi. 28, 30, verses. The Lord was present in power. This was at three P. M. In the evening I attended two other meetings, and bade the friends farewell. We shall, perhaps, see each other no more until we meet where there is no parting and no farewell.

Thursday, 17th. This day I took passage for Schaffhausen, in Switzerland. We passed through Waldenburg, Tuebingen, and Kechlingan; the last named is a small dukedom. The scenery along the road is exquisitely beautiful. Mountains and rugged hills, adorned with peaks and old castles. Many submarine shells lay scattered among the rocks, and every thing looked enchanting and gay. We supped at Tuttengen, and then sable night threw her

mantle over the earth, and hid the beautiful scenery from our view.

Friday, 18th. A little after daylight we passed the line that divides Wirtemberg from Switzerland, and soon afterwards saw the beautiful Rhine, meandering its serpentine course at the foot of the mountains. It would be folly in me to attempt a description of this noble river. It has been done by abler hands, nor can I resist the temptation to insert a paragraph here from the article, Rhine, in the Americana Encyclopedia. It exactly suits our purpose, and will gratify the inquisitive reader.

"There are rivers whose course is longer, and whose volume of water is greater, but none which unites almost every thing that can render an earthly object magnificent and charming, in the same degree as the Rhine. As it flows down from the distant ridges of the Alps, through fertile regions into the open sea, so it comes down from remote antiquity, associated in every age with momentous events in the history of the neighbouring nations. A river which presents so many historical recollections of Roman conquests and defeats, of the chivalric exploits of the feudal period, of the wars and negociations of modern times, of the coro-

nations of emperors whose bones repose by its side; on whose borders stand the two greatest monuments of the noble architecture of the middle ages; whose banks present every variety of wild and picturesque rocks, thick forrests, fertile plains, vineyards sometimes gently sloping, sometimes perched among lofty craigs, where industry has won a domain among the fortresses of nature; whose banks are ornamented with populous cities, flourishing towns and villages, castles and ruins, with which a thousand legends are connected, beautiful and romantic roads, and salutary mineral springs; a river whose waters offer choice fish, as its banks offer the choicest wines; which, in its course of nine hundred miles, affords six hundred and thirty miles of uninterrupted navigation, from Basle to the sea, and enables the inhabitants of its banks to exchange the rich and various products of its shores; whose cities, famous for commerce, science, and works of strength, which furnish protection to Germany, are also famous as the seats of Roman colonies, and of ecclesiastical councils, and are associated with many of the most important events recorded in history;—such a river it is not surprising that the Germans regard with a

kind of reverence, and frequently call it in poetry, *father Rhine*, or *king Rhine*."

Reference is also made in the next paragraph of the above article to descriptions of this scenery given by a well known bard. His writings, on the whole, are not the most unexceptionable, indeed he is much open to censure; nevertheless his poetry, as such, is of the most elevated cast. His lines on the Rhine are inimitable, and thus conclude:

"Adieu to thee, fair Rhine! How long delighted,
The stranger fain would linger on his way!
Thine is a scene alike where souls united,
Or lonely contemplation thus might stray;
And could the ceaseless vultures cease to prey
On self-condemning bosoms, it were here,
Where nature, nor too sombre nor too gay,
Wild but not rude, awful but not austere,
Is to the mellow earth as autumn to the year.

"Adieu to thee again! a vain adieu!
There can be no farewell to scenes like thine;
The mind is colour'd by thy every hue;
And if reluctantly the eyes resign
Their cherish'd gaze upon thee, lovely Rhine!
'Tis with the thankful glance of parting praise;
More mighty spots may rise—more glaring shine,
But none unite in one attaching maze
The brilliant, fair, and soft, the glories of old days.

"The negligently grand, the fruitful bloom
Of coming ripeness, the white city's sheen,
The rolling stream, the precipice's gloom,
The forrest's growth, and gothic walls between

The wild rocks, shaped as they had turrets been
In mockery of man's art; and these withal
A race of faces happy as the scene
Whose fertile bounties here extend to all,
Still springing o'er thy banks, though empires near them fall."

In the above quotation there is as much of truth as poetry. It would be next to impossible to exaggerate in portraying the beauties and loveliness of this paradisaical spot. How irresistibly impressive are the last two lines of the above stanza. We could almost imagine we behold on one hand nature sending forth her bounties in rich profusion, for the sustenance of life, and on the other rude war devastating the abodes of men, and tyranny invading another's home, and undermining the foundation of long-established governments. "Empires near them fall"—they crumble into ruins. Pass away from these scenes and what then? Nature still is beautiful, and clothed in robes of purest white. Hear the poet above quoted.

"But these recede. Above me are the Alps,
The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
And throned eternity in icy halls
Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow.
All that expands the spirit, yet appals,
Gather around these summits as to show
How earth may pierce to heaven, and leave vain man below."

The reader will readily forgive the above interesting interruption of the narrative, as it so fully and beautifully describes scenes and places that require the touch of poetry. The muse may try her choicest strains, and not exceed the romance and elegance presented to our view in this part of the world.

We arrived at Schaffhausen about six in the morning. I went to an inn and breakfasted on Dutch soup. Tarried till eight, and then called upon the Rev. M. Burghard, to whom I had a letter of introduction. He was not within, but his amiable lady treated me with great kindness as well as politeness, and shortly after Mr. Burghard came in. He gave me a hearty welcome to his house, bidding me make it my home while I remained in this place. I very thankfully accepted the invitation, and found both very agreeable and kind. Through these friends I was introduced to many families in Schaffhausen, and spent a pleasant time.

Saturday, 19th. This afternoon a young man accompanied me to behold the falls of the Rhine. Being fond of natural curiosities, I viewed this scene from various points, and also through a camera obscura. It is indeed a

splendid sight. The stream here is about one hundred yards wide, and falls, not perpendicularly, but by an inclination of fifty or fifty-five degrees. In the middle of the stream stand two separate rocks, which, by the furious and perpetual rushing of the water and ice in winter are apparently half severed at their base.

On the left of this a castle stands on the top of a high rock, and foot-paths are laid out up the side of the mountain, made of wooden steps and hand-rails. Several young ladies may always be found about here whose business it is to show strangers the peculiarities of the place. They of course expect something handsome if they go through the whole of the scenery. While rambling abroad this day I had a beautiful view of the Alps covered with snow. The appearance was magnificently grand. The atmosphere was very clear, so that, with my glass, though fifty miles off, I could see them distinctly. From the falls we passed through beautiful vineyards to the town, a distance of five or six miles.

Sunday, 20th. At seven A. M. Mr. Van Mondach came to take me to Hemmethal, a village situated a short distance from hence.

I went and preached to an attentive congregation, from Acts iii. 19, 20, and again from Psalm cxxvi. 3. After sermon we were conducted by the schoolmaster to the summit of a mountain, which, having reached, we walked two miles and then came to the road where our carriage was waiting for us. On the top of this hill we had a view of the Alps, and also Lake Constance, called the Bodensee. Not having my glass I did not see these parts distinctly. I preached once or twice more in Schaffhausen, and then departed for Zuerck. The friends were exceedingly kind to me, and in addition to paying my expenses, and more, gave me letters of introduction. On my way to Zuerck I passed over the Rhine on a high bridge. The stream here reminds me forcibly of the Kentucky river. All along the road are vineyards crowded with immense clusters of grapes. They are just beginning to ripen. The people seemed busy digging their potatoes. The crops were good. On my arrival at Zuerck I made my way to Mr. Ustini's, a silk weaver. He received me very kindly, and in the afternoon we walked out to view the town. The scenery here is delightful.

Thursday, 24th. This morning visited the

Rev. Mr. Gessner, son-in-law to Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist. Lavater's daughter, to whom I was here introduced, is a very intelligent and pious lady, and conversed freely about her father.

Having learnt, since I came to this place, that a person of my name resides some ten or twelve miles up the lake, I set off in a hack in search of him. I found him. His name is Henry Hiestand, and is undoubtedly a branch of our family, but we could not trace our lineage or genealogy, and indeed that would be difficult in the absence of documentary evidence, as my ancestors have been from this country one hundred and thirty years. Next day I departed and went to the shore of the lake, took a small boat, and meeting the steamboat, took my passage for Zuerck. Down this lake are the most romantic landscapes I ever beheld—mountains reaching, as it were, to the clouds, capped with snow—lesser mountains from the shore of the lake, gradually sloping, covered with villages—orchards and vineyards, richly loaded with the bountiful gifts of our heavenly father. Reached Zuerck at three P. M., and took a view of the church in which the celebrated Lavater used to preach, and also

visited the spot where his remains are deposited. This is pointed out to the stranger by a plain stone, on which is engraved J. C. Lavater.

On Saturday, 26th, took stage for Basle, in company with the wife and daughter of my host—we had a pleasant day's journey down the Limat and Rhine, and arrived at our destination at eight P. M. The missionary students were waiting for us at the post-office. Our baggage was taken to the mission-house, where rooms were prepared for us. On the next day I heard several very excellent sermons, and met with some pious evangelical clergemen. One of these had been driven from his church and congregation for no less a crime than preaching the gospel in its purity, which, in some parts of Europe, is still considered an unpardonable sin; while, in these same places, rationalism, deism, and I may say devilism, are tolerated and practised with impunity.

The minster church of this place is said to have been built about 1,000 years ago. The pulpit is of carved stone, a very ingenious piece of work, such as I had not seen before. In this church lie the remains of the celebrated

Erasmus, and a monument to his memory is erected over his grave. I ascended the steeple, which is several hundred feet high, built also of stone, and from hence viewed the town and country round about. The landscapes are beautiful. After this I went to a place where are a great quantity of old paintings and other curiosities; these I examined with a great deal of pleasure.

Friday, October 2d, 1835. This morning I visited the secretary of the mission-house, and spent an hour with him in interesting conversation. I was pleased with his statement of a plan to benefit the catholic countries, which is to instruct mechanics in the principles and doctrines of the gospel, and then, as mechanics, to send them into catholic countries, with their bibles and implements of trade, and then and there they read the Scriptures to those who otherwise would not hear it at all. I understand a religious society has been formed in the capital of Austria, through this agency, and the means of mechanic scripture readers. May the good Lord prosper the enterprise. After rambling about this afternoon for about six miles, I returned to Basle, and spent the next

day, for the most part, at home, it being very rainy and unpleasant weather.

Sunday, 4th. I preached twice this day. The first time I was greatly embarrassed owing to my being compelled to abide by and perform the ceremonies of the church in this country. Contrary to my wish I was obliged to put on a kind of robe, and in that read prayers. Reading prayers is very mortifying to me on many accounts. Those who can do it may, but I cannot do it conscientiously. Being thus cramped, I did not feel well while preaching, but the Lord made all up to me in the evening at five, when I again preached without a robe, and prayed without a form. I had liberty of speech, and the people listened with deep and profound attention. The Lord doeth all things well!

Tuesday, 6th. At five A. M. took the stage for Carlesruh, in Baden. The scenery along this road is truly splendid. The grape-vines, hung with grapes nearly ready for gathering, look beautiful. The grounds on our left are low and cultivated for the growth of turnips and potatoes, which the people are digging on nearly every patch. The steep hills sides on

our right are formed into terraces, and, where they are not covered with grape-vines, look like flights of steps, by means of which the hills are ascended. Thus we passed along, and each hour brought us to new scenes of beauty and richness, till night threw her sable mantle around us, and prevented us from admiring the works of nature, and adoring the hand that made all these things.

Wednesday, 7th. We arrived at Carlesruh at four A. M., and, after taking some bread and coffee, I walked the streets to warm myself, as fires are scarce and fuel expensive. The Rev. Mr. Frommel resides here, a gentleman I had seen at Stuttgard, and who had requested me to call and see him, should I ever pass through this place. I called upon him early in the morning, and he was exceedingly pleased to see me. I spent the day with him, and visited some of the religious people of this place. Attended a prayer-meeting in the evening, there were eight persons present—these requested me to stay and preach to-morrow.

Thursday, 8th. Though unwell I preached this morning, and depended alone on God for aid. I found him a very present help in trouble—he graciously assisted me—the people

were attentive and serious, and we had a powerful time—a refreshing from the presence of the Lord. Just after preaching a messenger came with a request from Lady Margraves, that I would go and see her. I did so immediately, and found her an amiable and pious lady, who delighted to talk about Jesus, whom she loves more than all her titles. I had been with her a short time when the grand Duchess came in, so I left her, perhaps, to see her no more till that period when titles shall be of no avail. In the evening brother Frommel, another friend, and myself, took a hack and went to Spoeck, and, at the urgent solicitation of the pastor, I consented to stay all night, and preach here in the morning.

Friday, 9th. Addressed a large congregation from Proverbs viii. 17. The presence of the Lord was felt by all, and many wept aloud. Several of the young ladies went to the minister's house in great spiritual distress. One of them, a daughter of one of the most respectable and influential men in the dukedom, wept so loud that she could be heard all through the house. The time of my departure having come, I left the place, and passed on to a village called Grabem. The brethren from

Carlesruh accompanied me thus far, and we dined together at a clergeman's, who, after dinner sent his carriage with me as far as the Rhine, fifteen or eighteen miles, and within two miles of Spyre, where I arrived at dark, and found a home with Mr. P. Hahn.

On Sunday, 11th, went to church and heard the vicar preach. He did not manifest much of either eloquence or zeal. At two P. M. I had to occupy the same pulpit, and at the time appointed found twelve or fifteen hundred people in the place. Among them was the principal pastor of the town, who was very much dissatisfied because the vicar had not asked his leave before granting me permission to preach. I thought they might settle that between themselves, so I went on with my work. The congregation, however, were the most careless and inattentive I ever addressed. They showed by their conduct that they cared nothing about religion, or even common decency, many of them laughing all the time. May the Lord have mercy on the inhabitants of Spyre!

Early the next morning I left Spyre, and at 10 A. M. reached Manheim; was kindly received by Mr. Hennesdorf, who introduced me to the Rev. Mr. Massingbird, a pious clergyman

of the Episcopal church. In his drawing-room I preached a sermon to a small congregation, mostly converted Catholics. I remained in this place a day longer than I had anticipated, the steam-boat not leaving here until Wednesday, 14th, at one P. M. I visited several families through the day, (Tuesday) and in the evening held a meeting with a few friends. There was but few in consequence of the inclemency of the weather. Leaving Manheim at the time appointed we passed down the Rhine to Mayentz, where we remained during the night. We had to go ashore, as these steam-boats have no accommodation for sleeping. At day-break on Thursday, 15th, we proceeded on our way. The far-famed sceneries of this part of the world I beheld with admiration; and yet there are many as grand in the United States. We have no ancient castles in ruins, nor have we so many mountains and vineyards, but we have other things equally gratifying and pleasing. The most remarkable object pointed out to me on this passage was what is called Meis Tunn. (Mouse Tower.) It is built on a small island, composed of rock. The edifice is a round tower of stone, twenty-five or thirty feet high, and ten or twelve feet in circumference,

so it appears to me. This ancient pile is said to have been built by a bishop, who had laid up large quantities of grain, and a famine coming on, the poor people came to him for bread. He appointed a day when they were all to come. They did so, and he locked them in the granary and set fire to it, and they were all burnt to death. While the sufferers were crying for mercy, he would say, "hark, how my corn mice squeak." After this his own palace became so infested with mice, which troubled him day and night, that he could not rest. He therefore built his tower in the stream to escape from the rage of the mice. But even here they pursued him, and so numerous were they that he was overcome and eaten up by them. The tower I saw—the statements may be part fact and part fable—I give the particulars as they were related to me.

Friday, 16. Early in the morning I took the stage for Elberfield, and remained, while there, at the house of a merchant, with whom I became acquainted at Nuernberg. The next day took passage for Bremen, where I arrived on Monday, 19th. This is my birth-day, and I enter on my forty-eighth year. I have been preserved, by the grace of God, in his pleasant

ways, twenty-seven years and seven months. I have endeavoured to serve him, and I find his yoke easy and his burden light. His kind providence has sustained me hitherto, and I feel perfectly willing to trust him for the future. May he ever preserve me.

As soon as I arrived at Bremen I found that a vessel was to sail for New-Orleans on the 22d inst. Having some little business at Hamburg, I immediately started for that place, and arrived there on Tuesday, 20th, at eleven A. M. I found my friends all well, but my effects had not arrived from Berlin, and my bed was taken to sea in the vessel by which I came to this country. I had therefore to make the best of my little misfortunes, and returned directly to Bremen. I got safe here on Thursday, 22d, and immediately secured my passage to New-Orleans in the brig Wesser. I had to pay seventy-five Bremen dollars. It would be ungrateful in me were I not to mention here that my ever dear friend, Captain Wendt, presented me with thirty-eight dollars to assist in defraying my homeward expenses. May that God, who is ever kind, remember him for good, and repay him a thousand fold for all the kindness he has shown toward me in a land of strangers.

Though I was ready to go at a moment's warning, we were detained several days for various reasons.

On Sunday, 25th, heard two sermons preached, and in the evening addressed a society of young men, who meet every Lord's day evening for prayer, under the direction of the Rev. Mr. Mallet. We had a very interesting time, while I enforced the necessity of seeking the Lord early. Mr. Mallet, who concluded by prayer, is one of the decided friends of true religion. He is a light in a dark place.

Monday, 26th. At daylight took steamboat and went down the river Wesser, to the vessel in which I was to sail. Found several of the passengers on board. The whole week ending on Saturday, 21st, was a tedious time. The moments seemed to linger, and days and nights delayed their flight. There were a young clergyman and his lady on board, but they seemed little inclined for religious conversation, and though there were one hundred and eighteen steerage passengers, only one appeared to be inclined for religious conversation. On Sunday the 1st of November, the captain and I walked to a village church about two miles distant, and heard a good sermon preached on the ninth

commandment. On Monday all our chains were taken in, and preparations made for sea; but the breeze was light and changeable, and I fear we shall have a tedious time in the North Sea. But my trust is in the Lord, and I feel calmly reconciled to his will. That God who ruleth the winds and the waves will preserve me from danger and death, for I feel as though my work was not yet finished. To-day the clergyman spoken of above got out his fiddle, and I fear he has more taste for fiddling than preaching.

Tuesday, 3d. Weighed anchor and put to sea with an easterly wind. The pilot left us, the sea soon became rough, and I quickly felt the effects of sea-sickness. On Thursday, 5th, at night, one of our passengers died. He came on board nearly dead with consumption. The next day he was buried in the "deep, deep sea," and, at the request of the captain, I delivered a short funeral oration.

Tuesday, December 3d. We have now been a month on our voyage, and nothing particular has occurred since the above circumstance. When the weather would permit we had prayers on board, and sometimes singing. The young clergyman would amuse himself by

fiddling, and I would read my Bible; thus the time passed away. On Sunday, 13th, the mate saw the land of St. Domingo, and we sailed along shore several miles. It was a very pleasant day, and at ten A. M. all the passengers came on deck for worship, we sang a hymn, and read the ciii. psalm. I addressed them half an hour on the goodness of God in preserving us, and for all his mercies. I exhorted them to love him in return. Many felt their awful responsibilities before God, and wept bitterly. May the Lord bless them all with salvation from sin.

On Tuesday, 15th, we passed between St. Domingo and Cuba. On Wednesday we passed the south side of Cuba, and beheld her mountains towering to the skies. The following Sunday evening we passed Cape Antonia, or west end of Cuba, and, the weather being pleasant, we had our worship as usual. Our young clergyman spoke more to the purpose than I had heard him before. Nothing particular occurred for four or five days after.

On Friday, December 25th, (Christmas day) we had the pleasure of seeing the light at the south-west pass, mouth of the Mississippi. At eight A. M. we got a pilot, and, through mist

and fog, we got to the bar, when, to our great joy, the steamboat, Feliciana, came up, and took us to Port Jackson, where, in consequence of the dense fog, we were obliged to cast anchor. The fog continued until Saturday, when the Germans, as they could not keep Christmas yesterday, requested me to sing a hymn, and give them an address. I did so, and briefly stated the goodness of God in the redemption of mankind, several were much affected and wept. The fog dissipated in twenty or twenty-five minutes—we immediately got under way, and passed on all night without any further interruption by fog.

On Sunday, 27th, by day-light, we found ourselves at the English Turn, eighteen miles below the city of New-Orleans, where we arrived about ten in the morning. As soon as the brig was made fast, and I could conveniently get ashore, I did so, anxious to relieve my doubts and fears and hopes, respecting my family. Before I reached home I met several friends, who told me they were all well. At twelve o'clock I had the heart-cheering satisfaction of finding them all in good health, after a separation of eleven months. To use a common expression, the joy of meeting, after so

long an absence, is better felt than expressed. Blessed be the kind hand of my heavenly Father, which has kindly preserved both me and them. The precious promises of his word has been fulfilled in me; and, after all his mercies shown me in a foreign land, and on my voyages, he has kindly brought me to the enjoyment of my family and friends in my native land. Blessed be his holy name for ever! Amen!

CONCLUSION.

Considerable time has elapsed since the manuscripts from which the foregoing pages have been compiled, were placed in the hands of their editor; but his necessarily unremitted ministerial and other duties have prevented him from preparing the work for the press sooner than the present time.

When the subject of the foregoing autobiography was in New-York, the editor requested him to add a few pages respecting his travels and labours in the United States since his return from Europe. This was done; but it is not deemed necessary to say more than simply to state, that in all his visits and travels, from place to place, he has endeavoured to spread the influence of the Saviour's name, and set forth his unsearchable riches. The Rev. Henry Hiestand preaches wherever an opportunity occurs to our German population, and in this way has been extensively useful; and it is hoped that the circulation of this volume will be the means of introducing him to more general

notice. It may be proper to state, that since Mr. Hiestand's return from Germany, he visited Henia, where, and when, the synod of the German reformed synod were in session. The synod were presented with testimonials of his zeal and usefulness in Germany and elsewhere; were highly gratified, and in the belief that there was an extensive field of labour open to him there, thought it would be advantageous to the cause of religion if he (Rev. Henry Hiestand) would return to that country, and labour there in the vineyard of Christ. To this end he received a general letter of introduction to all the churches in Germany.

Copies of the testimonials referred to above were placed in the hands of the editor, but he does not think it necessary to insert them. They are signed by the pastors of various congregations in Germany, and elsewhere. They jointly, and severally, prove, that hundreds, in and out of the pale of the church, will have reason to thank God for ever, for the labours and prayers of brother Hiestand. Eight of these are now before me, and give evidence that the plain simple preaching of the cross, is appreciated and made useful in a land of ceremo-

nies, and that, sooner or later, superstition must be superseded by experimental religion.

While writing these last pages, the editor has received a letter from Rev. Henry Hiestand, dated New-Orleans, January 26th, in which he thus speaks: "When I arrived here, I found a commission from the missionary society in Berlin, and a circular letter to all the friends of the missionary cause in the United States, requesting them to aid in building a mission-house in Berlin, for the express purpose of educating young men for the ministry in heathen lands. They have often heard of the liberality of Americans, and hope for some assistance from this country, to enable them to carry through this noble and Christian-like undertaking." Mr. Hiestand adds, "I feel myself in Christian duty bound to do for them all I can in this country." This statement is here inserted, that those who see this work may be induced to reflect on the situation of those who know not God, but worship idols of wood and stone, and then, if they can, aid in a good cause.

It is hoped that a perusal of the foregoing pages will lead the churches in America not only to reflect on their privileges and advan-

tages, but to commiserate the condition of those who are enveloped in worse than Egyptian darkness, and may we unitedly pray for the diffusion of gospel light.

The editor of this little work is desirous of awakening attention to the condition, not only of some parts of Europe, but of the heathen generally, as also to produce a determination among those who love the gospel, to diffuse its general blessings to the ends of the earth. His own spare moments are so extremely limited, as to prevent his saying as much on the subject here as he could have wished. Nevertheless he will not let the opportunity slip of adding something to these pages, on the moral condition of the world, and the means of its recovery from sin and death to holiness and life. The discourse was preached by a celebrated minister of the gospel in England. He was of the Methodist persuasion, but his remarks are not the less valuable on that account. The sermon being entirely distinct from the work, is thrown into the form of an appendix. It is published here in the belief, that it may be of essential use to every sincere Christian. It may be proper to add that the discourse was delivered on a missionary occasion.

APPENDIX.

THE MEANS OF MAN'S RECOVERY FROM SPIRITUAL DEATH.

A SERMON,

BY REV. RICHARD WATSON.

Come from the four winds, O Breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live.—Ezekiel xxxvii. 9.

History acquaints us with the past, and our faculties of observation spread before us the scenes of present time, and these, in the usual course of things, are the only sources of information which are open to man. But it has pleased God, in this book of revelation, to give us access to a third, and to spread the view into the future: not only to enlarge the sphere of knowledge behind us and on each side; but before us, and "to show his servants what shall be hereafter."

This is done by prophecy, a large and important part of the sacred volume, which stands, not only as an illustrious demonstration of the prescience of its author, but a proof of his good-

ness to us; for our improvement and happiness are thereby equally promoted. An ancient writer remarks, that he who is acquainted with the history of past ages, lives twice. With equal truth may it be affirmed, that he whose mind is also enlightened with the views of holy writ, lives thrice. His existence is extended beyond its natural bounds, and he is present to future events, the highest and most interesting in the economy of divine providence.

We are not, however, to suppose that our view of the future, even after the most attentive study of the prophetical books, will be perfectly distinct and satisfactory. There is a moral necessity that prophecy should be surrounded with a certain haze and indistinctness. Man is to be the instrument of executing the decrees of Heaven; and it is a principle of the divine government to offer no violence to his moral agency, and a peculiar glory of infinite wisdom to accomplish its purposes by his free volitions. It seems, therefore, to be a mistake in many persons to expect to ascertain the exact times and manner in which the predictions of Heaven will be accomplished. Time is the grand expounder of prophecy, and, as far as relates to particulars, perhaps time alone. The

value of prophecy is not, however, on this account diminished. In this partial form it fully answers the design of God, by supporting the confidence of good men in the ultimate triumphs of their religion, in quickening their exertions, and relieving their anxieties. The outline, the bolder features of the grand plan of the divine government present so many enlightened points in the darkness of futurity, though the minuter parts retire into shades of various depth. In the vista thus opened into distant ages we perceive truth and righteousness, after long and painful struggles, finally triumphing; discord subsiding into peace, and a long-rejected Saviour effectually asserting his rights, and bending the world to his dominion in mercy.

The words of the text are connected with a well known prophecy respecting the restoration of Israel under the sublime idea of the resurrection of the dry bones of a host of dead. If the prediction referred at all to the restoration of the Jews from the Babylonian captivity, it could only be in a very low sense. The terms in which it is expressed plainly indicate an event more glorious in its accomplishment, more permanent in its effects, and more spi-

ritual in its nature. It connects itself with the glory of the latter day. The Jews are now the dry bones in the valley, and their conversion to Christ will be their resurrection. On this principal, application of the prophecy we shall not now dwell. Apostacy from God, whether in Jew or Gentile, is followed substantially by the same consequences; the methods of divine grace in recovering men from ruin, are, in all climes and ages, usually the same, and we shall therefore consider the prophecy.

I. As affording us a striking description of the religious state of the heathen world.

II. As directing to the means to be made use of to effect its mystical resurrection.

III. As marking the certain success of its application.

I.—1. The persons made the subject of this prophetic vision are represented as dead. The prophet is led by the spirit to a valley filled with the dishonoured relics of the dead. To be dead, is to be in a state which excites regret and sympathy. Who can refrain a sigh when the noble human fabric is stretched with the clods of the valley, and the warm pulse of life subsides into the coldness and corruption of death? But a deeper death is here contemp-

lated—the death of souls. The spirit is here invaded by the destroyer, and the higher part of our nature falls the victim. In this, however, we speak morally. The immortal spirit cannot die; but, as in the death of the body, the matter of which it is composed is not annihilated, though the parts are dissolved, so in the moral death of souls the spirit exists, but it exists disorganized and corrupted. In scripture language, to be without knowledge, is to be dead; because it is knowledge which gives activity to the powers of mind. To lose the image of God is to die; because as death destroys the human form, sin destroys truth, holiness, and love, in which the image of God in man consists. This is the unhappy case of the heathen. They have turned the "truth of God into a lie;" their religious opinions are composed of absurd fables, and the principles of morality being left without support, have been all borne down by the tide of sensual appetite and ungoverned passion. Ignorance the most profound, imaginations the most extravagant, and crimes the most daring, have ever characterized "the world which lies in the power of the wicked one." But though all this be awfully true, it is not on these circumstances that we

would principally fix your attention. There is another and more alarming truth to be told. The heathen world is judicially dead, under the wrath and curse of Almighty God. The law which they have violated turns the edge of justice against them; the conscience which they have abused renders them miserable in their crimes; and, as death expels their myriads from this state of being, they appear before that God of judgment who hath said, "the abominable, and murderers, and idolaters, shall have their part in the burning lake, which is the second death."

Were these solemn truths well fixed in our minds, they would stand in the place of a volume of argument to induce us to support missionary institutions. They would burst at once the bands of selfishness, and "draw out our souls" to them who are perishing for lack of knowledge. The contemplation of the imminent danger of so great a portion of our fellow men would melt at once the frigidness of our natures, and cause our affections to flow forth in strong prayers, and still stronger exertions in behalf of our brethren in distant lands, who have "forgotten the God of their salvation,

and have not been mindful of the rock of their strength."

To counteract these generous feelings, and to stop the stream of pity in its very fountain, we are aware that the doctrine of the safety of the heathen has been confidently affirmed; and perhaps we also have too often slumbered over our duty, lulled by the drone of that doting and toothless theology which treats sin with the cruel tenderness of an Eli to his sons, and employs itself rather in drawing extravagant pictures of the mercy of God, than in supporting the just rights of his government. Resting in plausible general principles, which are never pursued to their consequences, there are many who appear to consider the Divine Being under some obligation of justice to throw open the gates of salvation to the whole world of polluted heathen; thus making vice a kind of passport to Heaven, and ignorance a better security for the eternal happiness of men than the full display of the glorious doctrines and the impressive motives of our religion. The true question is among such persons often mistaken. It is not whether it is possible for heathens to be saved—that we grant; but that

circumstance proves the actual state of the heathen world to be more dangerous than if no such possibility could be proved; for the possibility of their salvation indisputably shows them to be the subjects of moral government, and therefore liable to an aggravated punishment in case of disobedience. The true question is, are the heathens, immoral and idolatrous as they are, actually safe? On this solemn subject we are not left to the decisions of human authority. Inspiration itself has decided it, and when human opinions and divine revelation come into opposition, you will not hesitate to say, "Let God be true and every man a liar." The reasoning of St. Paul, in the first chapter of the epistle to the Romans, is of universal application; it bears no mark of particularity, and there is nothing in the state of the heathen of our day to render it less applicable to them than to the heathen of his own. His conclusion is, that for all their crimes and idolatries "they are without excuse." They are ignorant, but it is because they "do not like to retain God in their knowledge." They have a "law written on their hearts," but they violate it,—they have a conscience which "accuses or excuses them," but they disregard it, and

" therefore they are without excuse." This is the conclusion of an infallible teacher, against which it is vain to reason; and from this it follows, that, if the fact of general and perhaps universal depravity of principle and action among the heathens be proved, then another conclusion of the Apostle must follow of course, " that the wrath of God is revealed from Heaven" against them; that the valley is full of souls, dead to God, and under the sentence of an everlasting condemnation.

2. But this is not the only melancholy view which the subject exhibits. The number of the dead forms another part of the picture—" the valley was full of bones." The Prophet " passed by, round about," he viewed the dreary scene with attention, and " behold there were very many." Such, brethren, is the picture which the world presents to our view. The slain of sin are innumerable. The valley as we trace it seems to sweep to an unlimited extent, and yet every where it is full! The whole earth is that valley. Where is the country where trangression stalks not with daring and destructive activity? where it has not covered and polluted the soil with its victims? In some places, it is true, we behold " the few

who are saved;" but in many large and crowded nations, we should look even for that few in vain; and the words of the Psalmist might, after the most charitable investigation, prove even literally applicable, " They are all gone out of the way, there is none that doeth good, no not one." Let us pass over Europe, whose population bears but a small proportion to that of the globe, though there chiefly the christian name is known. Let us not even stop to inquire how many bones lie unburied and dry in that valley, or, if in many instances bone has been united to bone, in the profession of true religion, of how many the prophet would still say, " there is no breath" of vital religion " in them." Let us take our post of observation elsewhere. If we turn to the east, there the peopled valleys of Asia stretch before us; but peopled with whom? With the dead! That quarter of the earth alone presents five hundred millions of souls, with but few exceptions, without a God, save gods that sanction vice; without a sacrifice, save sacrifices of folly and blood; without a priest, except a race of jugglers, imposters, and murderers; without holy days, except such as debase by their levity, corrupt by their sensuality, or harden by their cruelty.

With a little difference as to religious rites the same description is applicable to the thirty millions of the race of Ham, and to the aborigines of the continent and islands of the new world. This view, it is true, is somewhat relieved by a few rays of light shining here and there amid the gloom; by the cheering sight of a few prophets of the Lord sent forth by the piety of Christians, prophesying to the dry bones, and surrounded by a few living men, the fruits of their mission. But however hopeful this gleam of success is, the affecting fact is, the valley is still full of dead. It is only in a few places on its verge that the prophets of the Lord are seen; only within a small compass that their voice is heard. On the rest of the valley the gloom of despair settles, and sin and death hold undisturbed dominion. No sound of salvation breaks the horrid silence, and no "shaking is heard among the bones."

3. To the number of the dead the prophet adds another circumstance—they were unburied: the destructive effects of sin, the sad ravages of death, lay exposed and open to the sun. So open and exposed have been the unbelief and blasphemies of the Jews, and the idolatry and vices of the Gentiles. We need

not dig up the earth to discover the dead, they strew the surface of the ground. This representation strongly marks the dreadful maturity of sin among apostate nations, and the absence of all those checks which in countries better instructed restrain those evils which are not wholly cured. A great moralist has truly observed, that "where there is shame there may be virtue." What, then, shall we say where there is no shame? The habits of sin are confirmed, and all virtue is extinct. The pagan world did not, however, arrive at this maturity of vice all at once. Its idolatrous and vicious propensities had to contend with the restraints of remaining truth and goodness probably for many ages. Thus we read in the book of Job, that, notwithstanding the tendency to polytheism in his day, some upright magistrate remained, who punished idolatry by law, justly considering it as a crime against civil society, involving, as it ever has done, the practice of the worst vices, as well as against heaven. "If I beheld the sun when it shined, or the moon walking in brightness, and my heart hath been secretly enticed, or my mouth hath kissed my hand, this were an iniquity to be punished by the judge, for I should have de-

nied the God that is above." The influence of truth, even without the aid of the civil magistrate, and though existing in but small remains, to check this degrading and offensive propensity, is also strikingly expressed in a part of the book from which our text is taken. Ezekiel was conducted by vision into a " secret chamber," where " the ancients of the house of Israel" stood " in the dark" before their idols and abominable portraitures, and burned incense to them. The blush of shame still reddened on their cheek, and they performed their abominations in the dark. Vice shrinks in the presence of purity ; the works of darkness hate the light ; and this affords a powerful motive to our endeavours to introduce the gospel into idolatrous countries. Reproof will again excite shame, shame will lead to secrecy, and secrecy of practice will ultimately give place to reformation. At present, however, such restraints do not exist. They have long since been borne down ; and, error and vice, long triumphant, have grown too bold for privacy. Yes ! for ages the dead have lain unburied, presenting nothing but stench and corruption to the pure heavens above them. They have " worshipped devils," and hallowed crimes, and have not

been ashamed. In one place a painted idol usurps the honours of "God, blessed for ever," and in another the obscene prophet is revered as a divine messenger. Every where they have refused "to retain God in their knowledge," they have been "given up to vile affections," and have reached that climax of all iniquity, not only to do "such things" themselves, but to "take pleasure in them that do them."

4. The prophet closes his description of the state of the dead, by adding that "the bones were very dry." Under this strong figure the hopelessness of their condition is represented. Thus the Jews introduced in verse 11, are made to say, "Our bones are dried up, our hope is lost," and the state of the heathen must, at least, be equally hopeless. As far as mere human means and human probabilities go, there is no hope. From themselves it is certain there is none. They have wandered too far to find the fold again, and what renders their cause still more desperate is, they have no inclination to seek it. It is the nature of sin to infatuate as well as to corrupt, and to pervert that it may destroy. "They put darkness for light, light for darkness, good for evil, and evil for good," and "how, then, shall they be heal-

ed?" If, however, absolutely speaking, there were no hope of their recovery, our exertions would be superfluous,. There is hope, not from man, but from God; nevertheless we feel no inclination to conceal the difficulties which lie in the way of that great work which we are met this day to promote. The "bones are dry, very dry." Superstition is a power of almost incalculable energy. It grasps both the hopes and fears of our nature; and has its principal seat in the imagination, a power of the mind the most difficult to purge when polluted, and to discipline when once it has obtained the mastery. If, therefore, the gospel again prevail, it must, again, "cast down high imaginations," and break up inveterate habits of sin. As of old, interest, and pleasure, and power, will be arrayed against it, and "the kings and judges of the earth will take counsel together against the Lord and against his anointed." Perhaps the first effect of the gospel in some places may again be "not to send peace, but a sword;" and of this we are certain, that no power of earth or hell will be unemployed against its success. All these difficulties must be granted. They argue nothing against the power of God;

but they truly prove that more than human power is requisite for the work; that all calculations founded on natural principles forbid our enterprise; and they support the representation of the prophet—"that the bones were very dry."

Such is the state of the heathen world; but the prophet's vision.

II.—Points out the means by which its mystical resurrection is to be effected—"Prophesy upon these dry bones, and say unto them, O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

Who can read this without immediately adverting to that similar command of the Saviour, when, after his resurrection, he looked with compassion upon a world, "dead in trespasses and sins," and said to the prophets of his own dispensation, "Go into all the world, and preach the gospel to every creature." "Go, traverse every part of the vale of death, and say, "O ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

1. This direction intimates, that the ministry of the word is the grand means appointed by God for the salvation of the world.

This is a truth which cannot be impressed too deeply upon our minds. We live in an age of bold speculation and the speculations

of many on this subject have been conducted with too little regard for the authority of God. If, however, we have a plain and full direction from him who is wisdom itself, what need we more? Why stop to question, when it is our duty to obey? But opinions have conflicted on a subject to which revelation has given certainty, and the recorded judgment of heaven has been neglected in the passion for theory amongst men. Some have demurred to missionary efforts because in their opinion heathen nations ought first to be civilized. But where are the apostles of civilization to be found? Who will cross seas, and travel continents, to teach them arts, and laws, and science? Or are they to be left in their wretchedness till the boundaries of the civilized world, pushed out by the slow process of commerce or conquest, shall at length reach them? But the argument, if good for any thing, is only very partially applicable; for there are but few, very few, perhaps none, of the heathen so completely savage as not to be able to comprehend the main doctrines and duties of christianity, when once their language is understood by their teachers. When christianity is introduced civilization follows of course, and the desired

end is reached by the direct instead of the circuitous road. Religion is the most efficient instrument of civilization. It is that which marks the distinctions between right and wrong with certainty, and therefore gives birth to good laws; it adds to human hopes and fears the solemn sanctions of eternity, and by giving force to conscience ensures their better observance; and it is the parent of morality, industry, and public spirit, the foundation and the top-stone, the strength and the sinews of all well ordered society.

Others have looked for the amelioration of the human race from the progress of science. But they forget that science affords no cure for moral evil, and that when unallied with true religion it must prove a curse and not a blessing. Knowledge is power, and like all other great powers, it is injurious and destructive when undirected. It is only by the influence of moral principles that it can receive its proper direction. Without this the enlarged capabilities of the mind become solely the instruments of ungoverned passions. This is not presumption, it is the dictate of experience. Greece and Rome gave it their joint testimony. "The world by wisdom knew not God;" and

in proportion to the advance of refinement, and the cultivation of science, both Greece and Rome sunk the deeper into the pollutions of superstitions and vice.

Another class of speculatists would wait until wars and revolutions had broken up old systems of despotism, and introduced political liberty, before any means were taken to spread the gospel. Here is another attempt to build the pyramid upon its point. In vain do men expect liberty without virtue, and where that exists, largely diffused through a people, oppression will be no more. It is the religion of Christ, which ascertains all the relations of man, fixes the duties of all ranks, and enforces them by the highest motives, that we are to look for the principles of good government, as well as of civilization and science. It is "godliness which is profitable for all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

There are still persons of a different character to those just mentioned, whose principles, though not directly opposed to Missionary efforts, are, in their practical consequences, somewhat unfavourable to them. Intent upon the study of prophetic times and seasons, they

have too much love for the world not to wish its conversion; but they have little hope of great success in the attempt until their interpretations of certain prophecies are accomplished, and this or that antichrist shall have been destroyed. To such persons the words of Christ are full of instruction. "It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father has put in his power." He adds, however, a plain and obvious injunction which cannot be mistaken,—"But ye shall be witnesses unto me to the uttermost part of the earth." The only note of time which the obedient christian will mark with a distinguishing character in his calendar, the only one he will intensely study, is opportunity. "As ye have opportunity to do good unto all men." That opportunity is now before you; many "great and effectual doors are open," and the command is, "Prophesy."—"Preach my gospel."

2.—The words may be considered as an injunction on the ministers of the gospel.—"Prophesy unto these dry bones." But to whom is the message directed? To the missionaries only? Nay; but to all who are called "to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ." We are not sent only to

this place, or to that congregation. Our commission is expressed in larger terms,—"Go into all the world." Every minister is by virtue of this commission to him, this charter to the human race, made a minister of man,—a minister of the whole world. Providence may mark out for us a particular sphere of labour, but our general obligation to the world continues; and were we called upon by certain indications of duty to the "farthest verge of the green earth," our obligation to go is irreversible. This was the view which the great Apostle took of the obligations of his ministry. "I am a debtor both to the Greeks and the barbarians, both to the wise and to the unwise." It was thus that our venerable founder conceived of the intent of the christian ministry, when, in answer to a complaint of the irregularity of his preaching, he replied, "I look upon the whole world as my parish;" and it is thus, I am persuaded, that my brethren present on this occasion conceive of it. We may not, however, be called directly to the work of evangelizing the heathen; but by virtue of our mission to all the world we are called to further it; and this would be our apology did we need one, for calling this assembly together this day,

to co-operate with us. It is in discharge of a solemn duty, and in obedience to our master's command to diffuse the knowledge of his truth to the "ends of the earth." But,

3.—The injunction "prophesy," respects not only ministers, but you also who have a private station in the church.

Ministers and people cannot be separated in that which was ever intended to be the result of a common effort. Even the apostle Paul though under a more than ordinary direction, lead from place to place, by the immediate conduct of the divine hand, working miracles himself, and the subject of frequent miraculous interpositions, never thought himself independent of the aids of the great body of christians. He connected himself with their prayers,—"Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course and be glorified." "Pray for me, that utterance may be given me to make known the mystery of the gospel." He not only solicited their prayers, but received their gifts. They, "ministered to his necessities" when employed in his work, "prophesying to the dry bones," and calling the dead to life.

This union between ministers and people in

the establishment of the kingdom of Christ arises out of the very constitution of the church. In that, as in every other association, there is a common as well as a special object. In the society of christians the particular work of every member is his own salvation; but he owes a duty to the whole body, which is to promote, by all the means in his power, the common end of the association. That common object is to bring "the wickedness of the wicked to an end, and to establish the just." The church is an association against error, against sin, against the powers of darkness throughout the whole earth. The duty of contributing to these ends devolves, therefore, upon all. It is not the business of ministers, of missionaries only,—it is the work of the whole community. This public spirit, this expansion of influence and action, St. Paul endeavoured to excite among the christians in his day. "No man" he observes, no christian man "liveth to himself." In this he only echoed the sentiment of his divine Master,—"Ye are the light of the world;" not a candle under a bushel, to scatter a feeble light through the contracted space of a family or a neighbourhood, but a sun to give light to the world. In perfect accordance with

these views, not only apostles and teachers, but the whole body of disciples are called to be "perfect as their Father in heaven is perfect," "for he maketh his sun to rise upon the evil and the good, and sendeth his rain upon the just and the unjust." Delightful picture of the benevolent character intended to distinguish a christian! He cannot be a selfish man, he cannot say my sphere of usefulness is at home only, the heathen have no claims upon me. His sun shines not upon his own habitation only,—"its circuit is to the end of heaven, and there is nothing hid from the heat thereof." His rain falls not exclusively on his own fields; but, like the rich clouds of heaven wafted by the wind, he scatters the heavenly fulness with which he is replenished over every land to which providence directs him.

Into this true spirit of your calling you, my hearers, are invited to enter this day. "Prophesy to the dry bones," not personally, but by sending forth men of God with your blessing, your prayers, your liberalities. Behold, they are ready to leave their "country and their father's house;" to rend the ties of kindred and of friendship; to endure "weariness, and painfulness, and watchings, and hunger, and thirst,

and cold, and nakedness," "not counting their lives dear to them," for the love of souls. Hasten then away, that they may go to the most distant valleys of the dead, and cry, "O, ye dry bones, hear the word of the Lord."

III.—The prophecy also expresses the certain success which should follow the application of the appointed means.

The prophet prophesied, he called for the vital breath of heaven, the same which at the creation of man was "breathed into his nostrils," and the result was, "the breath came into them, and they lived, and stood upon their feet, an exceeding great army." Not less certain shall be the success of the gospel among the heathen; and from this confidence we derive the life and spirit of our exertions. Despair destroys action; doubt chills it; but certainty carries it forth to the loftiest enterprises. This certainly is ours. We are engaged in no doubtful cause, the kingdom of Christ must prevail, and the word which has given him the heathen for his inheritance is "for ever settled in heaven." Our confidence rests,

1. On the power of the gospel. Wherever the gospel is preached it is accompanied by a dispensation of the spirit. "A day of visita-

tion" is vouchsafed, and all to whom it is sent are put into a capacity to understand and obey it. We are not to consider the gospel as a mere system of doctrines, and duties, and hopes, offered coldly to the reason of mankind. It is this system, but it is more: it is the source of a divine influence which exerts itself upon the faculties of those who hear it. Its authorized emblem is fire, and like that it has its active energy as well as its light and splendour. The word is never sent without its Author. "Go, and preach my gospel, and lo, I am with you;" not only for personal support, but, as the connexion clearly indicates, to give success to your labours. The same union subsists between the Spirit and the word. He is sent "to convince the world of sin." "The words which I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life." Here is our hope of success. The prophet's words were attended with the vital breathings of heaven. "God hath made us ministers of the Spirit." He goes forth with his servants as the cloud of glory before the Israelites, every where preparing their way, and shedding a secret but active energy upon the world; putting all men into a state of incipient salvation, assisting their

minds to know and their wills to choose. It this power be used they will be saved, if resisted their condemnation is just. But the employment of means so adequate affords a moral certainty of great success. Merely to send the gospel by faithful men to the heathen is, in one sense, to give life to the dead.

To this, which may be called the ordinary power of the gospel, are to be added those extraordinary effusions of the Spirit upon certain places and people at different times, which are usually granted in answer to earnest prayer. Thus the prophet is represented as calling for the breath of heaven—"Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these slain that they may live." And let ministers go forth, either at home or among the heathens in the strong spirit of prayer,—let the people of God every where join them in supplicating those displays of "power and glory" which have been so often "seen in the sanctuary," and it will be again proved whether he who holds the gales of heavenly life, as well as the natural "winds in his fists," will not answer to the call of his "elect who cry day and night unto him," and make his word

"Like mighty winds and torrents fierce;"

subduing all opposition, and bearing down the strongest barriers of the empire of sin. Thus the christian dispensation was introduced; thus every great revival of religion has been established; and thus may we expect that God will frequently signalize his own future work in the conversion of heathen nations.

2. Our confidence in the certain success of the gospel rests also upon experience.

Christanity is not a novelty, and its efficacy is not now to be put for the first time to the test of experiment. It is that powerful and divine instrument which has for ages been wielded with glorious success in the cause of God and truth. Every part of the civilized world has at different times felt its energy, and in every nation it has erected trophies of honour and victory. It is worthy of remark with what confidence in the efficacy of the gospel, even in a very early period of christianity, the Apostle of the Gentiles prosecuted his mission. No expression of doubt as to the success of his labours ever escaped his lips; his hand never hesitated in directing the blow through fear that it might be struck in vain against the enemies of the cross. "So fight I, not as one that beateth the air." "Now, thanks be to God

which causeth us always to triumph in Christ, and maketh manifest the savour of his knowledge by us in every place." "I am ready to preach the gospel to you that are at Rome also, for I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." Emboldened by the experience of its power, all the principal agents in those revivals of religion which have distinguished different ages of the church, have imbibed the same spirit, and entered upon their mission with a courage which nothing but a firm confidence in its final triumphs could inspire. Perhaps our success as ministers depends greatly upon this confidence in the efficacy of the gospel, which is, in truth, confidence in the promised co-operation of God. With the evidence of the experience of ages, descending in an accumulating stream down to the present moment, it would be most perverse to despair. Primitive christianity gives us its evidence on this subject. Ancient false opinions dissipated—inveterate habits of vice broken—the vast empire of idolatrous Rome christianized,—all attest the "weapons of our warfare" to be "mighty in the hands of God." The Reformation yields its testimony. Then

christianity, throwing off in her rising might that superincumdent load of superstition and error which more than a thousand years had heaped upon her, appeared again before the world with simple and commanding majesty, and proclaimed her energies to be unbroken and unimpaired. The present day gives its evidence to the efficacy of the gospel, nor need we travel beyond the walls of this structure to collect it. You, my hearers, are witnesses of its power. Were we to speak of souls dead to God, defiled with sin, "without God and without hope," we might add also, "and such once were some of you; but ye are washed, ye are sanctified, ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God." To you, therefore, has the preaching of the gospel proved "the power of God." And will it ever lose its power? Never, if the promise of God "standeth for evermore." If the Dagons of Greece and Rome could not stand before the ark, but "fell and were broken," neither shall the gods of China and Hindostan. If we worship Thor and Woden no longer;—if in these islands the light has penetrated the gloom of druidical forests, and put to shame the abominations of our forefathers, the crude mythology

of Africa and the Southern Isles shall not resist its penetrating beams and consuming energy.

> " The world cannot withstand
> Its ancient conqueror."

Once conquered, it already trembles before the second attack. " The arm of God is awake,"—that arm which of old shook the gates of hell, and bowed down the pillars of the throne of Satan.

3. Prophecy confirms the certainty of success.

Take, my brethren, this glass, and look into the profound of the future. Is the prospect encouraging? Of old an interesting question was put to one of the watchmen of Israel, " Watchman! what of the night?" and the reply was, " The morning cometh and also the night." Thus the day of primitive christianity was succeeded by a night of error. But if we now " come again and inquire," we shall receive a more cheering answer. The watchman of christianity cries, " the shadows fly away," an everlasting day dawns upon the world, which, though it may be sometimes overcast, shall never be succeeded by a night.

Let us, then, "turn aside and see this great sight." The morning is spread on the mountains," and "kings come to its light, and the gentiles to the brightness of its rising." The gods of earth tremble and fly; for "in that day a man shall cast his idols to the moles and to the bats." The standard of Christ waves upon the hills, and "all nations flow unto it," saying, "our fathers inherited lies and vanity, and things wherein is no profit." Famines and pestilence desolate no more; wars "cease to the ends of the earth." The destroying angel passes over the habitations of men and finds no victim; for there is "light in all dwellings," and every "door-post is sprinkled with the blood." "The glory of the Lord revealed, and all flesh behold it together." Then shall follow the great sabbath of the world, in which heaven and earth, reconciled by Christ and inspired by grace and love, shall jointly offer the grateful sacrifice of adoring praise, "for every creature which is in heaven and earth heard I saying, Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever."

If, then, so glorious a certainty of present

partial success, and of ultimate complete success be established, what remains but that we apply to the great work of sending the blessed gospel to the heathen with the utmost zeal. Duty demands it.—We owe a debt of love to every man. God hath "blessed us that we may be a blessing." Sympathy demands it.—"Now that we are converted let us strengthen our brethren." Interest demands it.—"He that watereth shall be watered himself." Our hatred of sin demands it.—Let us haste to banish from the earth those abominations which offend the pure eyes of heaven. Pity to souls demands it.—Shall myriads of immortal spirits sink into the gulph of perdition without an effort on our part to save them? Lastly, gratitude to God for past success demands it.—The prophets have prophesied, and the bones have been shaken, the breath of God has entered them, and already they stand up by their thousands. God be praised! If you faint not, if in common with your brethren throughout the christian world you still prosecute the good work, they shall be increased to "an exceeding great army." If, in the earnest fervour of your spirits you pray, "Come from the four winds,

O Breath! and breathe upon these slain that they may live," the whole valley shall soon heave with returning life. The holy influence shall sweep the desolate earth, and in every land the " dry bones" shall stand up, " the living, the living to praise God as we do this day." Amen.

NEW-YORK WEEKLY MESSENGER,

A Family Newspaper,

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF RELIGION,
THE ORGAN OF NO SECT OR PARTY,
BUT THE FRIEND OF ALL.
THE ADVOCATE OF TRUTH—UNITY—PEACE,
THE MIRROR OF POLITE LITERATURE,
AND RECORD OF NEWS,
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC.

The sixth volume of this periodical is now in course of publication, printed on a sheet of the largest dimensions, always filled with valuable and useful matter. Published for the Proprietor, by JOHN S. TAYLOR, Brick Church Chapel, opposite the City Hall, and 100 Nassau-street. Terms, in advance, two dollars and fifty cents a year. All letters must be post paid, addressed to the Editor, 100 Nassau-street.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

We subjoin a few of the numerous commendations which have been received from our contemporaries.

From the Protestant Sentinel (De Ruyter.)

This valuable religious and literary paper has changed its editor and proprietorship, and is now conducted by WILLIAM SCOTT.

It is but just to add that the Messenger has as well sustained its character as any paper in our acquaintance; and is classed among the most valuable periodicals of the

day. Avoiding controversy, it has pursued an even course; and while it excludes light and unprofitable reading, which more or less contaminates the best literary works extant, its literary reputation is well sustained. The editor has our best wishes.

From the Old Colony Memorial, Plymouth.

The New-York Weekly Messenger has been enlarged, and has in every way been considerably improved, though it has always been one of the very best papers in these parts. It must be observable to every intelligent individual that for excellency and variety of matter it is not surpassed by any of its kind. There is no discrepancy between its editorial pledges and contents, being in reality devoted to the interests of Religion, Literature, Science, Commerce, Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, and Foreign and Domestic Intelligence. It would be manifest injustice to mention any quality as a predominant feature in the character of the 'Messenger,' because it invariably contains that which is necessary to constitute it morally and intellectually excellent, and withal will be found highly entertaining. As a useful country paper, New-York does not send out a better. It is only two dollars fifty cents per year.

From the Chronicle of the Church, New-Haven.

The ill health of Mr. Abbott has obliged him to retire from this popular and interesting hebdomadal. He is succeeded by Rev. William Scott, late editor, who has associated with him the Rev. George Coles, heretofore a contributor of much good matter to its columns. The object of the Messenger, is to inculcate religion and morality, without reference to sect or party; and judging from the specimens before us, we should think the object well attained.

From the Christian Advocate and Journal, New-York.

We take pleasure in expressing our gratification with the judicious, temperate, and candid manner in which the interests of literature and religion are promoted in this hebdomadal. It is edited by Rev. William Scott, and Rev. George Coles, of the New-York annual conference, and is published in this city by John S. Taylor.

The Weekly Messenger is conducted on the broad principles of Christian charity, and is not committed to any sect or denomination, though it avows its disposition to do the "worthy bidding of all." So far as we have had an opportunity to judge, the paper is well conducted, and from its manly and dignified impartiality, the Christian public have the assurance of being justly and equally represented in its columns, by whatever name, or by whatever peculiarities they may be distinguished. And as its columns are closed against party politics, or any of the strifes and contentions which may exist in church or state, there is "nothing to hurt or offend" the humble followers of the cross, many of whom, in these days of excitement, desire to "let the potsherds of the earth strive with the potsherds of the earth."

It affords us great satisfaction to express our respect for the editors of this paper, and our best wishes for its prosperity. While they continue to "follow peace with all men," and labour to advance the cause of learning, virtue, and religion, as heretofore, "if they do not command success, they will do more, for they will deserve it."

From the Ohio Atlas, Elyria, Lorian Co.

We very cheerfelly insert the following notice of the Messenger, a literary journal of high standing in the city of New-York. It is incomparably more valuable than ninety-nine hundredths of that which circulates at the present day under the name of literature. But this is not enough of its excellence. Its place is in the first rank of moral and miscellaneous literature. We commend the Messenger to those who desire this kind of reading, for themselves and their children."

From the Westchester Spy.

This excellent paper has recently passed into the hands of William Scott, who has for some time been its editor. We are confident that Mr. Scott will remit no part of his arduous duties in consequence of the new relation which he holds to the paper, and that the Messenger under his hands will be still more worthy of public patronage than it was before. The Rev. George Coles, who has for some time assisted the editor is still connected with the paper, and its columns will frequently be enriched by his agreeable pen.

Subscriptions for the New-York Weekly Messenger received at the office, No. 100 Nassau-street, and at the book-store of John S. Taylor, theological and Sunday school bookseller, Brick Church Chapel, opposite the City Hall.

All communications by mail must be post paid, addressed to 100 Nassau-street.

WILLIAM SCOTT, *Proprietor.*

BOOKS

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY

JOHN S. TAYLOR,

THEOLOGICAL AND SUNDAY SCHOOL BOOKSELLER,

BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,

CORNER OF PARK-ROW AND NASSAU-STREET,

OPPOSITE THE CITY HALL, NEW-YORK.

Select Remains of the late William Nevins, D. D. with a Memoir.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger.

Select Remains of the Rev. William Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir.—"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance." They erect for themselves a monument, enduring as the throne of God, imperishable as the crown of glory which bedecks the brow of him who is Lord of all. These lights of the world are never extinguished; but while their mortal remains are mouldering in the tomb, the recollection of their graces enkindles in those who remain, a flame of holy emulation and zeal. Such is, and will be the case, with respect to the lamented divine whose honored name stands at the head of this notice. Dr. Nevins was a man of eminent piety and great talent, and though he requested that no extended memoir of him might be attempted, yet it was never likely but that some account of him should be written and published. This has been done, and the usefulness of the work before us cannot fail to be co-extensive with

its circulation. The prominent features of Dr. Nevins' character are worthy of universal imitation. His talents and acquirements were superior, his piety sincere, and his wisdom practical. Humility and amiability, diligence and punctuality, were traits acknowledged by all who knew him. He was a powerful writer, and those productions of his pen which appear in this volume as "Select Remains," are "as apples of gold in pictures of silver"—"words fitly spoken." In addition to all the excellencies with which this volume abounds, we are happy to mention the neatness and beauty of its typography, the whiteness of the paper, and the exquisite delicacy of the beautiful likeness of Dr. Nevins with which the book is embellished. We shall cease to mention London books as standards of taste and elegance, if such volumes as this are presented to us from a New-York press and bindery. We recommend this work to universal attention.

From the New-York Evangelist.

Nevins' Remains.—A Memoir of the late Rev. William Nevins, with Select Extracts from his unpublished writings.

The public were informed, at the time of Dr. Nevins' decease, that his papers had been placed, by himself, in the hands of Rev. William Plumer, to be used at his discretion. The volume before us is the result, and shows that the discretion has been discreetly exercised. The memoir is brief, in decorous conformity to the expressed wish of the deceased. The selections are mostly paragraphs and short essays, such as Dr. N. was accustomed to write for the papers.

Probably none of our readers have yet to

learn the character of Dr. Nevins, as a Christian of rich experience, a pastor of tried fidelity, and a writer of religious essays unsurpassed in our day. To all his friends this volume will be a valuable memento. The publisher has spared no pains in the external appearance of the book, which is equal to the finest productions of the English press. The portrait is very fine.

From the New-York Observer.

Select Remains of Rev. William Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir.—This valuable work has just been published by Mr. John S. Taylor, corner of Park-row and Nassau-street. It is a handsome octavo of 398 pages, containing a portrait engraved on steel. About 80 pages are occupied with a biographical notice of Dr. Nevins and extracts from his diary. From 1830 until 1835, they are given in an unbroken series. We have seldom read a diary with deeper interest. It becomes richer and richer in heavenly thoughts as the author drew near the end of his earthly labors. The book consists chiefly of selections from his unpublished writings, which are replete with the purest and most exalted sentiments, expressed with simplicity, conciseness, and point. To all who have read Mr. Nevins' Essays in the New-York Observer, over the signature of M. S., it is needless to remark upon the excellence and peculiar charm of his writings, which combine sententiousness and pungency with deep and living piety. The work may be recommended as useful in forming, and strengthening, and maturing the Christian graces.

From the Newark Daily Advertiser.

SELECT REMAINS OF REV. WM. NEVINS, D. D., *with a Memoir*. An elegant octavo of 400

pages, with a spirited portrait from a painting by Inman. The work is in all respects—paper, print, binding, contents—a beautiful memorial of an amiable and lamented divine, whose pure light shone brightly in the church. The memoir is brief and modest, consisting chiefly of extracts from his correspondence with his friends. The "Remains" comprise a great variety of extracts from Dr. Nevins' writings, containing his views on most leading questions which interest the attention of the christian world.

After straining the eye over the full and condensed pages of the popular publications of the day, we experience great relief from the bold typography, open page, and clear broad margin of an old-fashioned volume like this. The publisher has given us a noble specimen of his art.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

REMAINS OF NEVINS.—John S. Taylor has just published a large and elegantly printed and bound 8vo, entitled "Select Remains of the Rev. Wm. Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir." The name of the author and compiler is not given; but he has executed his labor with excellent judgment and taste. The memoir is a rapid sketch of the life of Dr. Nevins, for which, although by no means devoid of interest, it appears that few materials had been preserved.

The "Select Remains" consist, for the most part, of short sketches and fragments of compositions, devout meditations, reflections, &c. upon a great variety of religious and moral subjects, with a collection of select sentences, aphorisms, &c. &c. found scattered among the papers of the deceased. Among these are many bright and beautiful thoughts, and the whole work is interspersed with such a rare spirit of meek and gen-

tle piety as is but seldom to be found in the compositions of the best. He was a man who almost literally "walked with God."

From the American Citizen.

SELECT REMAINS of the REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D., with a MEMOIR.—This work (to adopt the language of the Newark Advertiser) is, in all respects—paper, print, binding, contents—a beautiful memorial of an amiable and lamented divine, whose pure light shone brightly in the Church. The memoir is brief and modest, consisting chiefly of extracts from his correspondence with his friends. The "Remains" comprise a great variety of extracts from Dr. Nevins' writings, containing his views on most leading questions which interest the attention of the Christian world.

The volume is an octavo of 400 pages, is printed on large open type, has a spirited likeness of the subject of the Memoir, painted by Inman, and engraved by Paradise, and is otherwise well "got up." Though Dr. Nevins died young, his fame (if the word may be pardoned) as a preacher and writer, was wide spread, and we cannot but trust that the good taste and liberal spirit of the publisher, as evinced in this instance, will be duly appreciated and rewarded. Indeed, the public—the religious public especially—are much indebted to Mr. Taylor for their previous acquaintance with the author of these Remains, through the "*Practical Thoughts*," and the "*Thoughts on Popery*," the first of which works is every where read with pleasure, and both, it is hoped, with profit; and they have doubtless prepared the way for the favorable reception of the present volume.

Dr. Nevins wrote much, and all who read, will acknowledge that he wrote well.

From the Evening Star.

Select Remains of the Rev. William Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir—The subject of this memoir was a pious and unpretending divine, in possession of strong faculties and many great virtues. His life was one of great usefulness, and much of his time devoted to the relief of the distressed and the alleviation of the misfortunes of his brethren. The style in which this work is sent forth deserves the highest commendation. The type is large, full, and handsome, and the paper is white, clear and lustrous, and presents a beautiful specimen of typographical neatness.

From the Journal of Commerce.

Memoir and Remains of Rev. Dr. Nevins, late of Baltimore.—An intelligent friend who has read this work, (which we have not yet found time to do,) speaks of it as "a beautiful volume, and as useful as it is beautiful." He adds —"The Memoir is prepared by a judicious friend of the deceased, whose name is not given, and the Remains consists of short reflections on various subjects of every day utility, for which the lamented author (alas! too soon removed to his reward) was so celebrated. The manner in which it is got up, is very creditable to the publisher, Mr. John S. Taylor, of Park Row, Chatham-street. We need such *aids to reflection*, and we hope our readers will patronize this book, and make themselves familiar with the precepts and example of the worthy disciple of our Savior."

From the New-York American.

Select Remains of the Rev. Wm. Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir.—The life of a pious,

unpretending, and zealous Clergyman, offers little out of which to make a book suited to the popular taste—but affection loves to perpetuate the memory of its objects, and affection has ushered forth this volume, beautiful in its materials and typography, and well fitted to instruct, refine, and purify by its contents.

The extracts from the diary of Dr. Nevins present him in a most favorable light, as a cheerful, humble and resigned clergyman—who found in the midst of severe domestic affliction that his religion was a reality, and that its promises were not in vain.

The greater part of the volume is made up of miscellaneous extracts on different subjects, all connected with religion, from the manuscript papers of Dr. Nevins.

From the Philadelphia Gazette.

Dr. Nevins.

We find upon our table a beautifully printed octavo volume, entitled "Select Remains of the Rev. William Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir;" and we observe also, a well engraved likeness of the estimable subject of the Memoir. We found time to read only the Memoir and some of the "Remains." We share, we suppose, with most persons the pleasure of reading diaries, auto-biographical sketches, and short memoirs. They open up the heart to the reader, and, as face answers to face in the glass, one finds his own heart beating responsive to the pulsations of his whose experience he is gathering. Dr. Nevins was a man of deep affections—while he seemed to direct all its streams towards objects of eternal interest, there was a swelling up and gushing forth

for home and the fire-side circle, that showed how salutary are the touches of religion upon earthly love; the true exercise of the latter being the best evidences of the existence of the former.

The "Remains" are extracts from the sermons and occasional writings of Dr. Nevins, and show a ripe scholar, a clear thinker, and good writer. We commend the book to those who like religious reading—they will find pleasure in its perusal. We commend it more to those who do not like religious reading—they will find profit from its study.

From the New-Yorker.

"*Select Remains of Rev. William Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir.*"—Rarely have we welcomed to our table a volume so strikingly creditable to the American press as that now before us—a beautifully and richly executed octavo of 400 pages. The matter is worthy of the garb in which it is presented. The divine whose "Remains" are thus given to the public, was a burning and a shining light in the Presbyterian Church, and his decease was deeply and widely felt by his brethren in faith, but especially at Baltimore, the theatre of his labors of love. The volume now published consists of choice extracts from his sermons, his letters, and his contributions to the religious journals. It is embellished by a beautiful likeness, and deserves an honorable place in the library of the orthodox Christian.

From the New-York Express.

Select Remains of the Rev. Mr. Nevins, D. D., with a Memoir. New-York, John S. Taylor, corner of Park Row and Nassau-street; an elegant octavo of 400 pages, with a spirited portrait from a

painting by Inman. The work is in all respects —paper, print, binding, and contents—a beautiful memorial of an amiable and lamented divine, whose pure light shone brightly in the church. The Memoir is brief and modest, consisting chiefly of extracts from his correspondence with his friends. The "Remains" comprise a great variety of extracts from Dr. Nevins' writings, containing his views on the leading questions which interest the attention of the christian world.

From the Morning Star.

SELECT REMAINS OF THE REV. MR. NEVINS, D. D., with a Memoir, with an elegant portrait, from a painting by Inman.

This is a most beautiful work. In paper, print, and binding, it exceeds any new work that we have seen. The Memoir is correct and brief. The Remains comprise a variety of the finest extracts from the writings of this eminently talented and lamented divine: several of them are on the doctrines which now agitate the church.

From the American Baptist.

SELECT REMAINS OF THE REV. WILLIAM NEVINS, D. D. With a Memoir. 8vo. pp. 398.

With Dr. Nevins, it was never our happiness to be personally acquainted. But the perusal of this work has left a deep yet unavailing regret, that we should have been contemporary with such a choice spirit—should have dwelt in the same city with him, and it may be, have sided by him in the crowded street, and yet never have seen, and never have known him!

And so will it be with many, now pressing with us for the goal, who, when they have outrun us in the Christian stadium, have seized the gar-

land, and their virtues and their victories have been heralded to the church and to the world, we shall regret that we saw them not, and wonder most of all, that living in the same age, sojourning in the same cities, and perhaps for a time sheltered beneath the same roof, we yet should have let pass unimproved the golden opportunity of enriching our stores of piety and intelligence by an endeared and confiding intercourse.

To us the very sight of a holy man is sanctifying. We love to gaze on his resemblance to his Lord, till we catch his spirit and are changed into the same image! What gainers then might we have been, had we been brought within the influence of a man, a Christian, and a minister, so richly endowed with piety and intellect, and around whom there was thrown, in foldings of such richness and grace, the beautiful robe of humility, as was Nevins! What lessons might we have drawn from his holy walk, his stern principles of integrity, his untiring industry, his various and successful plans of usefulness, and the spirit of self-annihilation which enshrined all in its burning lustre! But we *have* formed an intimacy with him through his "Remains,"—alas! that the response should be from the grave! —and their perusal has left upon the heart the faint impress of a character, which, in its *living* influence, must have been peculiarly and eminently spiritual. The "Memoir" which introduces the "Remains," though brief, possesses yet a charm which other and more elaborate biographies can seldom claim—that of permiting the subject himself to speak out the history of his own life and experience—so that the memoir of Nevins might be justly styled an auto-biography.

The extracts from his diary and letters will be read with deep interest—and cold and unfeeling must be the individual who can linger around the touching picture of his desolated and broken heart, mourning over the grave of her who was the wife of his youth and the charm of his life, and feel no thrilling emotion. The Christian, too, who is, as was the departed Nevins, all his life-time in bondage through the fear of death, as he stands by his bed-side, and beholds him with unshaken faith in the faithfulness of God, and listens to his song, though tremulous in death, of joy and triumph, will dismiss his fears, and commit his soul afresh to Him who is able to keep it against that day.

But of his "Remains," what shall we say? We have perused, and re-perused, and will peruse them yet again, so elevated in thought, so pure in style, so eloquent in language, and so rich in piety are they. We think, in each of these particulars, they will rank with "Pascal's and Adam's Thoughts," and with "Searl's Christian Remembrancer." By their side, on our biographical shelf, we have placed the "Remains and the Memoir of William Nevins."

The work, as presented to the public by its enterprising publisher, *John S. Taylor*, Park Row, New-York, is a beautiful specimen of neatness in typography, and elegance in binding. Its appearance will vie with any book in this department of literature which we have yet received either from the English or the American press. That the fondest hopes which influenced *Nevins* in writing, *Plumer* in compiling, and *Taylor* in publishing this work, may reach the utmost limits of realization, is our sincerest wish.

From the Long-Island Star.

Select Remains of the Rev. William Nevins, D. D. with a Memoir—New-York—John S. Taylor. The gifted author of these posthumous fragments, while in the midst of his deeds of charity and love, and before he had reached his manhood's prime, was summoned from the field of his labors and conflicts to

"Join the caravan that moves
"To the pale realms of shade."

Perhaps the usefulness of the art of printing is never so forcibly felt as when death suddenly severs a great mind, and extinguishes a flaming light from among the living. THE PRESS seems to grasp and converge the rays that gather over the death-couch of the devoted in piety and strong in intellect, and pours them out again in their full effulgence,

"The round of rays complete,"

upon a benighted world. THE PRESS, into the everlasting ear of its memory, seems to drink up the last impressive lesson and parting benediction of the departing patriarch, as he takes his departure to mingle with those beyond the flood, and imparts to them an immortal voice, whereby "being dead, he yet speaketh." Truly may it be said of the lamented Nevins, "being dead, he yet speaketh"—speaketh in the kindness of heart by which he was endeared to the social circle—speaketh by his good works, for which the widow and the fatherless still bless his memory—speaketh in his exemplary piety, which made him a "burning and a shining light" to a captious and infidel people—speaketh in the language of his eloquent teachings and aspirations, preserved in the vo-

lume before us, for the enlightenment and consolation of the way-farer on life's bleak journey.

From Rev. Wm. Adams, Pastor of the Broome-st. Church, New-York.

Memoir and Select Remains of Nevins.—It would be difficult to mention a book which does more credit to an author or a publisher than this. The contents are like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Who that knew the lamented author, does not see his image reflected from these pages—refined, ornate, thoughtful and spiritual. We see him again passing through his various and diversified trials—prosperity and adversity sickness and death, and coming out like silver that has been tried. We commend especially the fragments which were written under the greatest of all earthly losses, and in near prospect of his own departure. They breathe the spirit of heaven. Blessed be God for such an exemplification of faith and patience—for this new evidence of the reality and stability of our hopes. He was a burning and a shining light, and many have and will rejoice in that light.

The fragmentary form of these articles will insure frequent perusal. They are the best specimens of this description since the Remains of Cecil; with less of his mannerism and style, there is more of simplicity and adaptedness to general readers. In a time of haste and little reflection, their brilliant thoughts may arrest attention, and lead others to reflect also.

In unqualified terms do we commend this volume, for the richness of its contents and the uncommon elegance of its form.

William Adams.

Practical Thoughts. By the late Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore.

Thoughts on Popery. By Dr. Nevins, of Baltimore.

From the New-York Observer of April 9th, 1836.

The *Practical Thoughts* consists of forty-six articles on prayer, praise, professing Christ, duties to Sabbath Schools, the monthly concert, the conversion of the world, violations of the Sabbath, liberality, man's inconsistency, the pity of the Lord, Christian duty, death, &c.; the last of which are "Heaven's Attractions" and "The Heavenly Recognition," closing with the words, "By the time we have done what I recommend, we shall be close upon the celestial confines—perhaps within heaven's limits." * * *

There the sainted author laid down his pen, leaving the article unfinished, and went, none can doubt, to enjoy the blest reality of the scenes he had been so vividly describing.

These articles combine great simplicity, attractiveness, and vivacity of thought and style, with a spiritual unction scarcely to be found in any other writer. Thousands of minds were impressed with them as they first appeared; they reproved the inconsistent Christian, roused the slumbering, and poured a precious balm into many an afflicted bosom. While writing them, the author buried a beloved wife, and had daily more and more sure indications that the hour of his own departure was at hand; and God enabled him, from the depth of his own Christian experience, to open rich fountains of blessing for others.

The *Thoughts on Popery* are like, and yet unlike, the other series. There is the same spright-

liness of the imagination, the same clearness, originality, and richness of thought, with a keenness of argument, and sometimes irony, that exposes the baseness and shamelessness of the dogmas and superstitions of Popery, and that must carry home conviction to the understanding and heart of every unprejudiced reader. Piece by piece the delusion, not to say imposition, of that misnamed church are exposed, under the heads of the Sufficiency of the Bible, the Nine Commandments, Mortal and Venial Sins, Infallibility, Idolatry, Relics, the Seven Sacraments, Penance, the Mass, Celibacy of the Clergy, Purgatory, Canonizing Saints, Lafayette not at Rest, The Leopold Reports, Supererogation, Convents, &c. We know of nothing that has yet been issued which so lays open the deformities of Popery to common minds, or is so admirably adapted to save our country from its wiles, and to guard the souls of men from its fatal snares.

Hints to Parents on the Early Religious Education of Children.

By GARDINER SPRING, D. D., Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New-York. 18mo. with a steel engraving. Price 37½ cts.

From the New-York Weekly Messenger and Young Men's Advocate.

Dr. Spring's Hints to Parents.—One of the prettiest little works of this class that we have ever met with, is just published; it is called "*Hints to Parents on the Religious Education of Children.* By Gardiner Spring, D. D." The author has been long and favorably known to the public as a chaste, powerful, and popular writer. The subject of the present work is one of great moment—one in which every parent has

a real interest. And we commend this little volume, not only to pious parents, but to all who desire to bring up their children in such a manner as to make them an honor to themselves and a blessing to their fellow-men.

From the Commercial Advertiser.

Hints to Parents on the Religious Education of Children. By Gardiner Spring, D. D. This beautiful little volume, coming out at this time, will be peculiarly acceptable to the congregation of the able and excellent author, and will have the effect of a legacy of his opinions on a most important subject, now that for a time they are deprived of his personal instructions. It is a work that should be in the hands of every parent throughout our country, who has the temporal and eternal interest of his offspring at heart. The few and leading maxims of the Christian religion are plainly and practically enforced, and the parent's duties are descanted on in a train of pure and beautiful eloquence, which a father's mind, elevated by religion, only could have dictated. We believe that a general knowledge of this little volume would be attended with consequences beneficial to society, since a practice of its recommendations could scarcely be refused to its solemn and affectionate spirit of entreaty.

The Ministry we Need. By S. H. Cox, D. D., and others. 37½ cents.

From the Literary and Theological Review.

This neat little volume comprises the inaugural charge and address which were delivered on occasion of inducting the PROFESSOR OF SACRED RHETORIC AND PASTORAL THEOLOGY in the Theological Seminary at Auburn. The friends

of Dr. Cox will not be disappointed in his inaugural address. It bears the impress of his talents and piety—his enlarged views and Catholic spirit. To analyze it would convey no adequate idea of its merits. His theme is the ministry of reconciliation—"the chosen medium by which God conciliates men—the mighty moral engine-ry that accomplishes his brightest wonders—the authentic diplomacy of the *King of kings* working salvation in the midst of the earth." The manner in which he treats his subject, in relation to the importance of the Christian ministry, and the kind of ministry needed in this age and nation, we need hardly remark, will amply repay the perusal of his brethren, if not be interesting and instructive to the Church at large.

"Error-scenting notoriety" may not altogether like the odor of this little book; and the "*lynx-eyed detecters of heresy*" will not be forward to approve a work in which they are handled with unsparing severity; but by "all the favorers on principle of a pious, sound, educated, scriptural, and accomplished ministry in the Church of God, and throughout the world, as the MINISTRY WE NEED, to whom this little volume is most respectfully inscribed," it will be read, and, we trust, circulated.

The Lily of the Valley. 18mo. Price 37½ cents.

From the Methodist Protestant, Baltimore.

This is a neat and very interesting little volume. The narrative throughout will be read with pleasure, and some portions of it with thrilling interest. The story is natural, and told in very neat language and with admirable simplicity. It is not only calculated to please and inter-

est the mind of the reader, but also to make moral and religious impressions upon the heart. We are well assured, if its merits were generally known, that it would find its way into many families and Sabbath school libraries, as it is particularly adapted to please and engage the attention of juvenile readers.

From the Christian Intelligencer.

This is a republication of a small narrative volume published in England. The narrative is written with beautiful simplicity, possesses a touching interest, and is calculated to leave a salutary impression. It is well fitted for a present by parents or friends to children, and is worthy of a place in Sabbath school libraries.

From the Ladies' Morning Star of Aug. 26, 1836.

The above is the title of a very interesting little work of 123 pages, recently published and for sale by John Taylor, Brick Church Chapel, New-York. It is a simple though beautiful narrative of a young female, some portions of which are of the most pathetic and affecting character, particularly designed for the edification and instruction of young females, and a most excellent work to introduce into Sabbath schools. Its tendency is to kindle the flames of piety in the youthful bosom, to instruct the understanding, and to warm and improve the heart. Its intrinsic though unostentatious merits, should furnish it with a welcome into every family.

Commendatory Notice, by the Rev. W. Patton.

Mr. J. S Taylor,—It affords me pleasure to learn that you are about to republish the little work called "The Lily of the Valley." Since the time it was presented to my daughter by the Rev. Dr. Matheson, of England, it has been a

great favorite in my family. It has been read with intense interest by many, who have from time to time obtained the loan of it. Indeed it has but seldom been at home since its first perusal. I doubt not but all who have read it will be glad of the opportunity of possessing a copy.

The story is not only natural, but instructive; and well calculated to impress upon the mind important moral and religious lessons. Some portions of the narrative are of the most touching and thrilling character. There is a charming simplicity pervading the work. I feel a strong confidence that you will find an ample sale for the book. It will find its way into many families, and be found in the libraries of the Sabbath school.

Yours respectfully,

WM. PATTON.

Lights and Shadows of Christian Life. By William C. Brownlee, D. D. $1 00.

Christian Retirement. From the eighth London edition. $1 25.

An Earnest Appeal to Christians, on the Duty of Making Efforts and Sacrifices for the Conversion of the World. By Wm. C. Brownlee, D. D. 31 cents.

Popery an Enemy to Liberty. By Wm. C. Brownlee, D. D. 31 cents.

Thoughts on Evangelizing the World. By Rev. S. H. Skinner, D. D. 37 cents.

Thoughts on Religious Education and Early Piety. By Rev. Wm. S. Plumer. 31 cents.

Pleasure and Profit, vol. 1., or THE MUSEUM. By Uncle Arthur. 37½ cents.

Pleasure and Profit, vol. 2., or THE BOY'S FRIEND. By Uncle Arthur. 37½ cents.

Pleasure and Profit, vol. 3., or MARY AND FLORENCE. By Uncle Arthur. 37½ cents.

Missionary Remains, or SKETCHES OF EVARTS, CORNELIUS, AND WISNER. By Gardiner Spring, D. D., and others. 37½ cents.

The Christian's Pocket Companion. Selected from the works of JOHN ROGERS, DR. OWEN, DAVID BRAINERD, PRESIDENT EDWARDS, and others, with an Introduction by Rev. JOHN BLATCHFORD, of Bridgeport, Conn. 25 cents.

From the New-York Observer.

Christian's Pocket Companion. This very small but neat manual, just published, is a compilation of some of the purest sentiments and holiest aspirations of such men as Owen, Rogers, Brainerd, and President Edwards. We venture to say that no Christian can make it the familiar companion of his *heart*, as well as "pocket," without becoming evidently a holier and a happier man.

Sermons. By Rev. Charles G. Finney. With a Portrait. $1 00.

The sermons are twelve in number, on the following subjects:

1. Sinners bound to change their own hearts.
2. How to change your heart.
3. Traditions of the elders.
4, 5. Total depravity.
6. Why sinners hate God.
7. God cannot please sinners.

8. Christian Affinity.
9. Stewardship.
10. Doctrine of Election.
11. Reprobation.
12. Love of the World.

It will be seen, from a glance at the subjects, that this volume contains Mr. Finney's mode of elucidating several highly important points of doctrine and duty, and will be read with interest and profit every where. pp. 277, 8vo. Price $1.

From the Morning Star.

Sermons on Important Subjects, by Rev. C. G. Finney. Third edition, pp. 277, large octavo.

This volume comprises twelve sermons, on highly important practical subjects, which ought to address themselves to the serious consideration of every man, woman, and child of Adam. These sermons were, we believe, principally delivered in the Chatham-street Chapel, and set forth, in a clear, forcible and convincing manner, the reverend author's views of the Gospel-truths of which he treats. The style is plain and sententious, though wrought with much originality, and characterized by the boldness, energy and persuasiveness of its author.

The reasoning is sound, and the deductions logical and clear. Man is here depicted *as he is*, in all the attributes of his character, and he is shown more of himself than in most instances he ever knew before. The doctrines we consider as altogether purely evangelical, entirely compatible with those of divine revelation, and susceptible of demonstration by reference to its sacred pages. This author has been much abused by those who either did not fully understand the import and tendency of his language and doc-

trines, or by those who perhaps had formed preconceptions of a character in hostility to the opinions and doctrines he advances; or by others again who did not wish to believe the important truths he uttered, lest they should be reproved. We have not only heard but read his sermons, and however much we charitably differ from others, consider these sermons as valuable auxiliaries in the schools of Christian instruction. Their approval by the Christian public is evident from the issue of this third edition.

From the Long-Island Star.

Sermons on Important Subjects, by the Rev. C. G. Finney—New-York—John S. Taylor. Many of the themes of this volume are upon debateable ground, and we are therefore, by the character of our paper, precluded from speaking affirmatively or negatively about the correctness of the views therein inculcated. There are some, however, of a more general and practical character, which, from the force of argument and the vigor of imagination in which they are clothed, appeal most powerfully to the common mind. However diversified the opinions respecting Mr. Finney's mere *theological* merits, all must unite in awarding him talents of a very high order. This volume well sustains his pretensions as a man of commanding abilities. We would say, *en passant*, that the works issued by John S. Taylor are invariably executed in a very superior style of type, paper, and binding; and in this he deserves the thanks of those readers who have a taste to gratify, or eyes to preserve.

Prevailing Prayer. By Rev. C. G. Finney. 32mo. 12½ cents.

Sinners Bound to change their own Hearts. A Sermon, by C. G. Finney. For five dollars a hundred, or six cents single.

How to change Your Heart. A Sermon, by C. G. Finney. For five dollars a hundred, or six cents single.

The Works of Rev. Daniel A. Clark. In three volumes. $3 00.

Advice to a Brother. By a Missionary. 31 cents.

Early Piety. By Rev. Jacob Abbott. 18¾ cents.

Scripture Gems. Morocco, gilt. 25 cents.

The National Preacher, printed in an elegant pamphlet form, each number containing two Sermons from living Ministers. Monthly. Edited by Rev. Austin Dickinson. Price one dollar a year in advance.

The Sabbath School Visiter, published by the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society. Edited by Rev. Asa Bullard, Boston. 50 cents.

Also Agent for

The Missionary Herald, published for the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. Monthly. $1 50 a year.

Also Publisher of

The Naval Magazine. Edited by the Rev. C. S. Stewart, M. A., of the U. S. Navy. $3 00 a year, payable in advance.

J. S. T. has also a large and choice selection of Miscellaneous Works, suitable for Sunday

School Libraries; together with Theological, Classical, Moral, and Religious Books, Stationary, &c., all of which he will sell at the lowest price.

A constant supply of the Publications of the Massachusetts Sabbath School Society, the American Sunday School Union, and of the Protestant Episcopal Sunday School Union, at the same price as sold at their respective Depositories.

N. B. Orders from the country will be immediately attended to, and books forwarded according to directions. Should the selection of books for Sunday Schools be left with J. S. T., and he should forward any which should not suit the purchaser, they may be returned, and the money will be refunded, or other books given in exchange. Those wishing to purchase, are invited to call and examine his stock.

F 73402

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper proce
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: JUN 2001
PreservationTechnologi
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATI
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111